

OCTOBER

No. 16

NATIONAL

QUALITY
COMIC
GROUP

SM
★
10

COMICS

10^c

STARRING
Uncle Sam
AMERICA'S
GREATEST
HERO



QUICKSILVER



SALLY O'NEIL

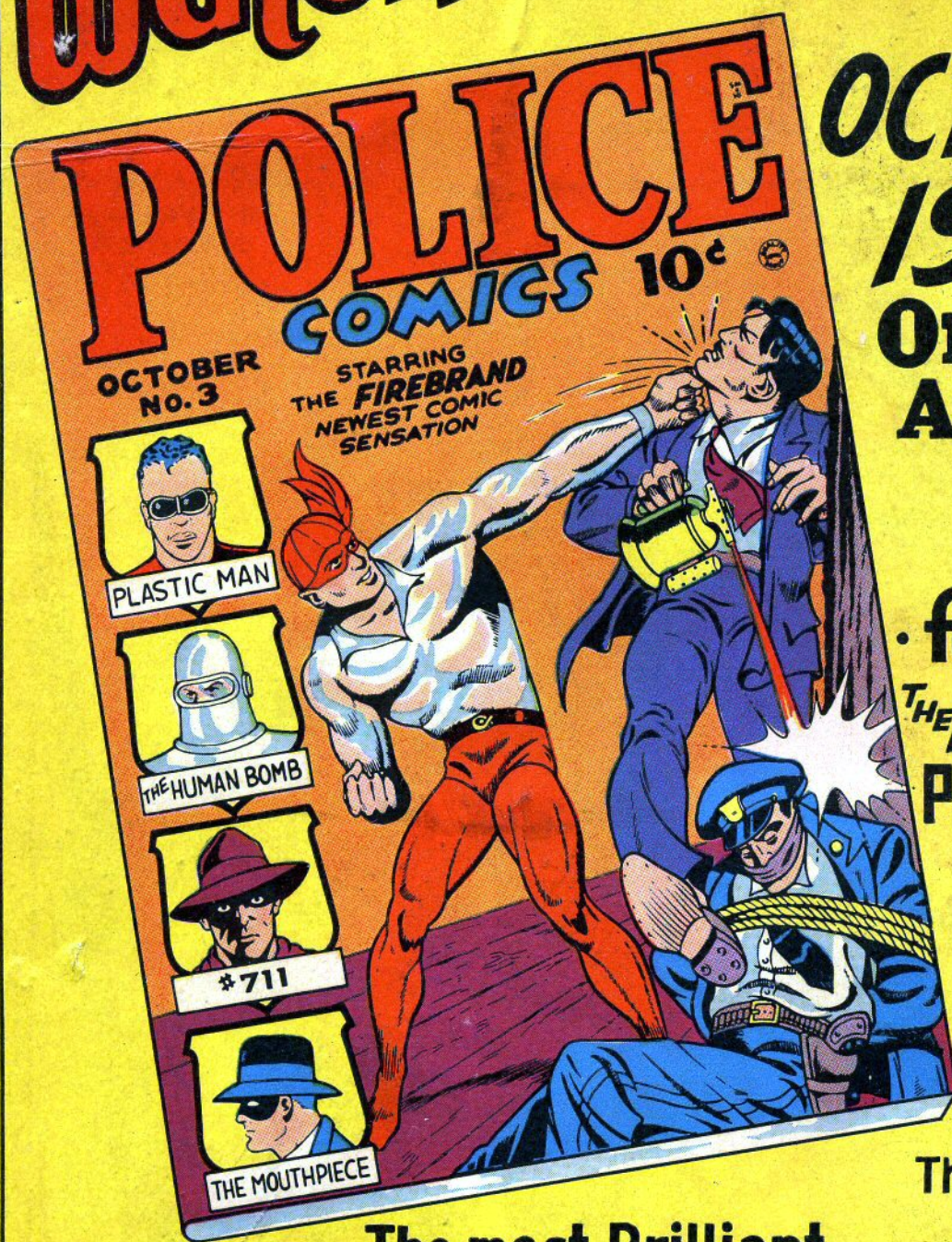


KID PATROL



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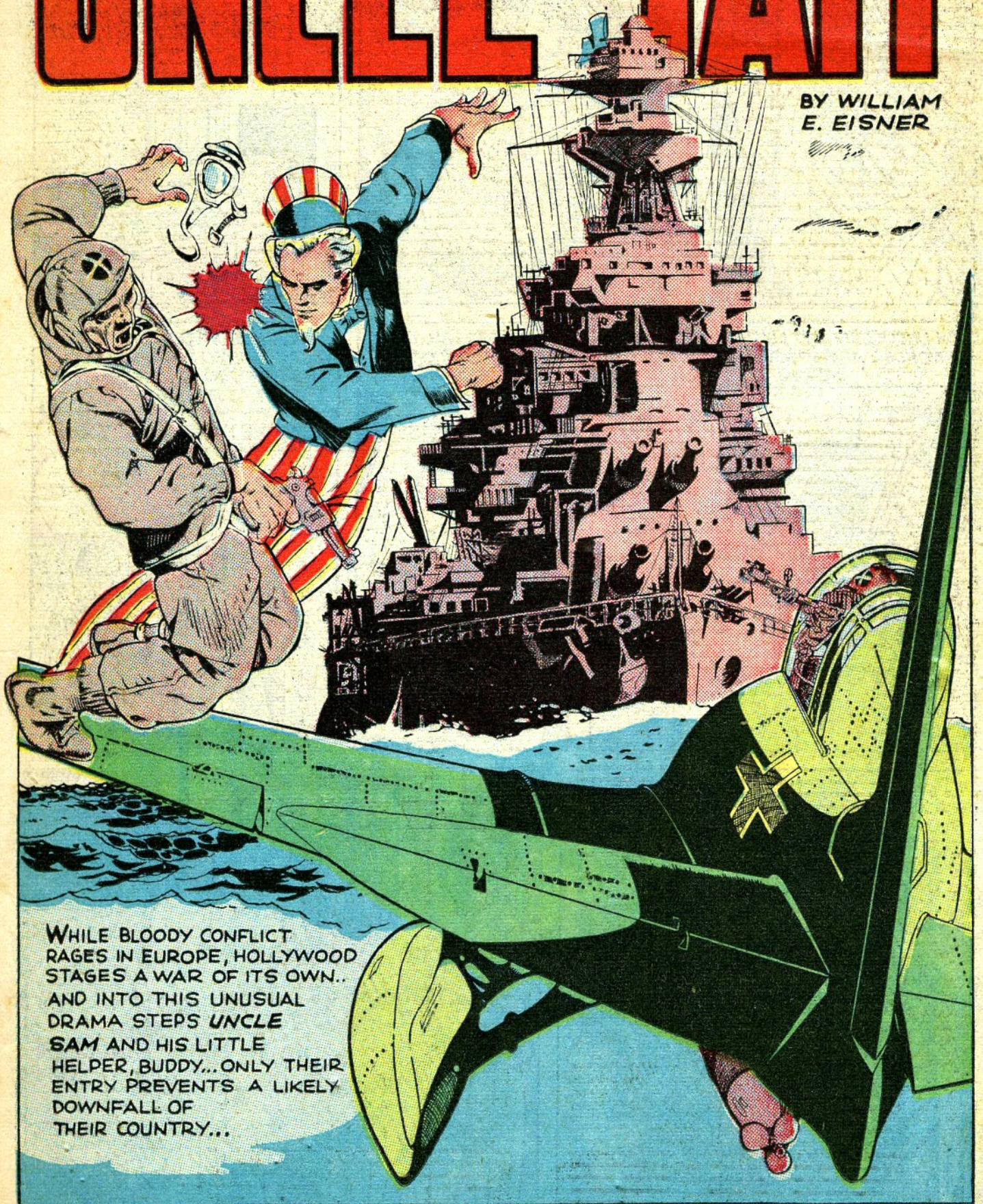
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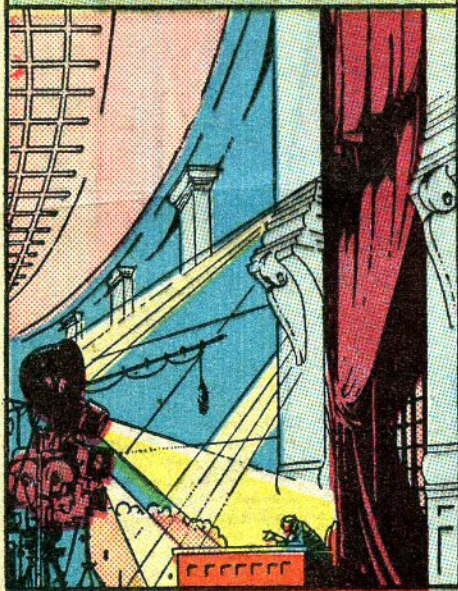
UNCLE SAM

BY WILLIAM
E. EISNER

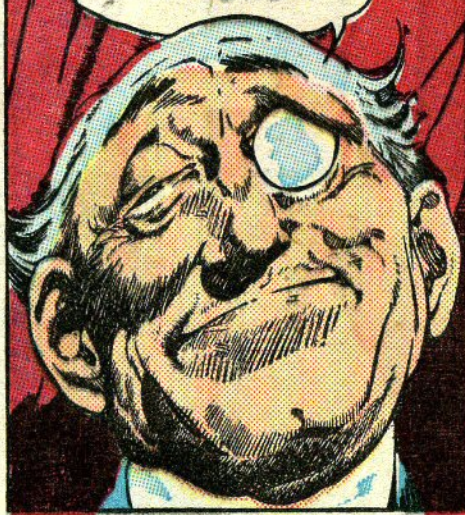


WHILE BLOODY CONFLICT
RAGES IN EUROPE, HOLLYWOOD
STAGES A WAR OF ITS OWN..
AND INTO THIS UNUSUAL
DRAMA STEPS **UNCLE
SAM** AND HIS LITTLE
HELPER, BUDDY... ONLY THEIR
ENTRY PREVENTS A LIKELY
DOWNFALL OF
THEIR COUNTRY...

ALL HOLLYWOOD BOWS TO THE GENIUS OF DIRECTOR EMIL VON BLON WHEN HE MAKES A MOVIE...



THIS WILL BE THE MIGHTIEST SPECTACLE OF ALL TIME... A GREAT FILM TO STIR AMERICAN PATRIOTISM!

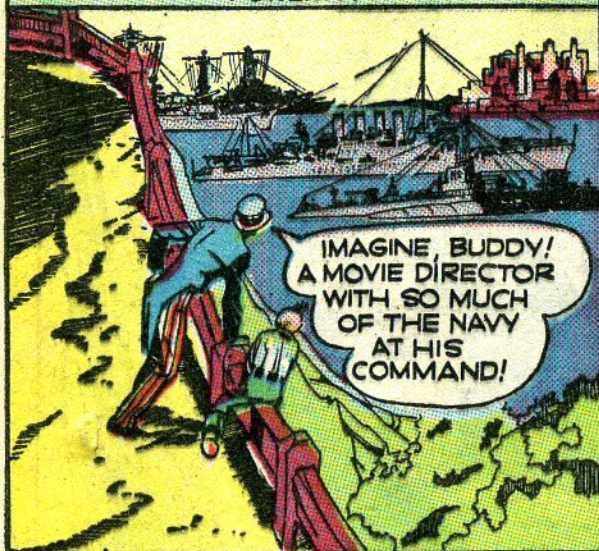


AND EVEN WHEN THE MASTERFUL VON BLON OF WARREN BROS. STUDIO WANTS TO BORROW THE U.S. NAVY, HE GETS IT!!



CERTAINLY, MR. VON BLON!! FOURTEEN BATTLESHIPS, THIRTY CRUISERS, NINE DESTROYERS, A SUB, AND...

SOON UNCLE SAM AND LITTLE BUDDY GAZE IN WONDER AT THIS ASSEMBLY OF SEA POWER...



IMAGINE, BUDDY! A MOVIE DIRECTOR WITH SO MUCH OF THE NAVY AT HIS COMMAND!

IN ALL COASTAL TOWNS OFFICIAL BULLETINS ARE POSTED...

WARNING!

THERE WILL BE HEAVY NAVAL GUN PRACTICE FOR THREE HOURS TODAY. KEEP ALL WINDOWS OPEN TO PREVENT SHATTERING.
U.S. NAVAL DEPT
WASHINGTON

MANY HOLLYWOOD "EXTRAS" ARE DISAPPOINTED WHEN VON BLON REFUSES TO HIRE THEM FOR THE PICTURE...

YEAH... HE HIRES 3,000 WHARF RATS... THEY NEVER SAW A CAMERA IN THEIR LIVES!

HMMM... I DON'T GET IT!



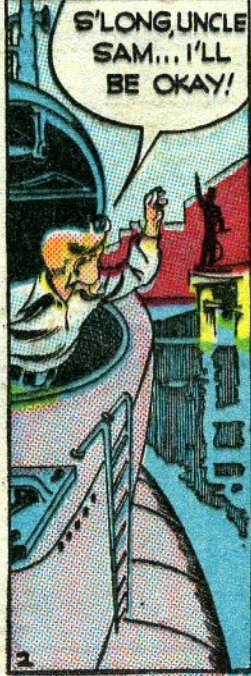
AN ASSISTANT DIRECTOR APPROACHES UNCLE SAM AND BUDDY...

WANT TO WORK IN THIS PICTURE, SONNY?.. WE NEED A BOY TO READ SCRIPT, IN THE SUB!

SURE! I'LL DO IT!



S'LONG, UNCLE SAM... I'LL BE OKAY!



NOW, SON... YOU CHECK OFF EACH SHOT AS THE ASSISTANT CALLS IT OUT!

OH BOY! WHEN DO WE START SHOOTIN'?

ALL HANDS GET TO YOUR STATIONS.. WE'RE SUBMERGING !!

MAN THE PORT TORPEDO !!





UNCLE SAM STANDS ON ONE OF THE BATTLESHIPS ...

HALF OUR FLEET IS LINED UP OVER THERE, A FEW MILES AWAY. THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO BE OUR "ENEMY"



SUDDENLY A GRIM TORPEDO CUTS A PATH DIRECTLY TO ONE OF THE DISTANT BATTLESHIPS...

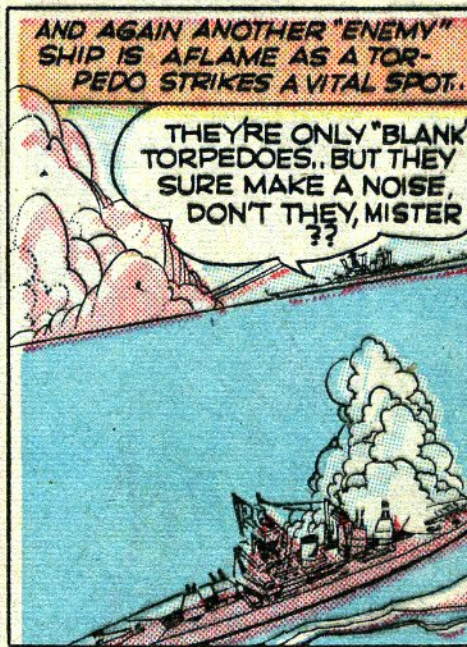


AND BEFORE HIS VERY EYES UNCLE SAM SEES THE BIG SHIP BLOWN FROM THE WATER..

WOW!! THAT'S CERTAINLY REALISTIC... TOO REAL ALMOST...



IT WAS ONLY A DUMMY SHIP.. HA HA!! VON BLON'S SURE CLEVER!!



AND AGAIN ANOTHER "ENEMY" SHIP IS AFLAME AS A TORPEDO STRIKES A VITAL SPOT..

THEY'RE ONLY "BLANK" TORPEDOES.. BUT THEY SURE MAKE A NOISE, DON'T THEY, MISTER??



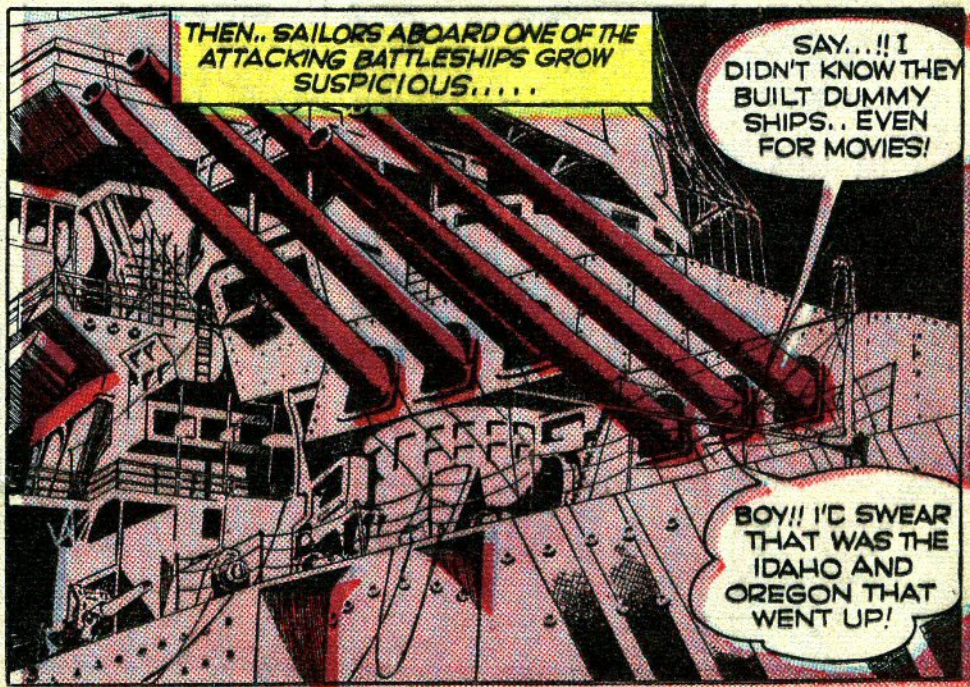
BUDDY PEERS THROUGH THE SUBMARINE'S PERISCOPE..

S.. SAY!! ARE YOU SURE THOSE SHIPS WERE HITTING ARE DUMMIES?? THEY LOOK REAL!!

DON'T WORRY, KID... WATCH YOUR SCRIPT!



GEE.. I'M AFRAID THERE'S SOMETHIN' FUNNY ABOUT THIS "BATTLE"!

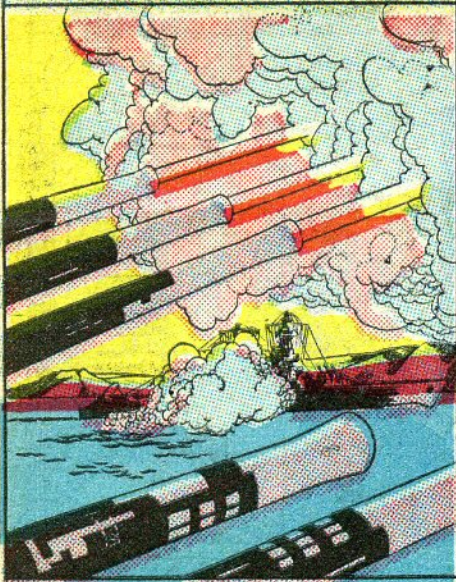


THEN.. SAILORS ABOARD ONE OF THE ATTACKING BATTLESHIPS GROW SUSPICIOUS.....

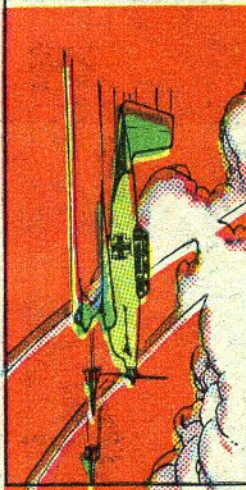
SAY...!! I DIDN'T KNOW THEY BUILT DUMMY SHIPS.. EVEN FOR MOVIES!

BOY!! I'D SWEAR THAT WAS THE IDAHO AND OREGON THAT WENT UP!

THEN SUDDENLY BOTH "SIDES"
BEGIN BLASTING AT EACH
OTHER...



AND DIVE
BOMBERS ROAR
DOWN TO LAY
THEIR DEADLY
EGGS ON THE
SHIPS!



THE HELPLESS GIANTS
ARE EASY TARGETS



THE SCENE AROUSES UNCLE
SAM...

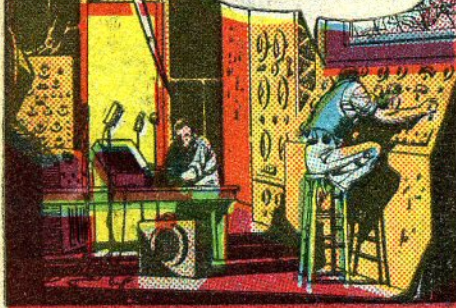


THIS IS
GETTING
TOO
"REAL"!

THE NEXT
SCENE CALLS FOR
OUR COMMANDER TO
GIVE A SPEECH
BEFORE HIS
CREW...

IN A
RADIO
ROOM
ABOARD
ONE OF
THE SHIPS

YEAH.. WE'RE
PLAYING WASH-
TON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS
.. AND "LIFTING" SOME
LINES FROM IT!



AND FROM A LOUDSPEAKER
THE IMMORTAL AMERICANS
VOICE IS HEARD...

.. NO ALLIANCE
WITH ANY PORTION
OF THE FOREIGN
WORLD.. BUT WHEN
OUR SHORES
ARE INVADED...



BEFORE UNCLE SAM, RISES THE MISTY
FIGURE OF THE FATHER OF OUR COUNTRY..
TWO GREAT PATRIOTS COME FACE
TO FACE...



SAM!!
OUR SHORES
ARE BEING
INVADED
RIGHT
NOW!

YOU'RE RIGHT,
GEORGE... AND
I'LL PUT A
STOP TO IT NOW!

MY MEN
AND LOYAL
FOLLOWERS..



TERRY LANE, THE FILM'S
STAR AND FLEET "COMMANDER"
DELIVERS THE MOVIE
"ADDRESS" TO HIS CREW..

STOP THIS
MONKEY BUSINESS!!
THIS ISN'T A
MOVIE.. IT'S AN
INVASION
PLOT!



.. SAILORS!
THERE ARE
MANY
TRAITORS
ON THESE
SHIPS..
YOU'RE
SHOOTING
OUR OWN
BOATS!



MOTLEY HOODLUM "SAILORS" HIRED FOR THE PICTURE ADVANCE ON UNCLE SAM..

YOU'RE PRETTY SMART AIN'T'CHA, STRIPED PANTS ?!

WE'LL FIX YOU!

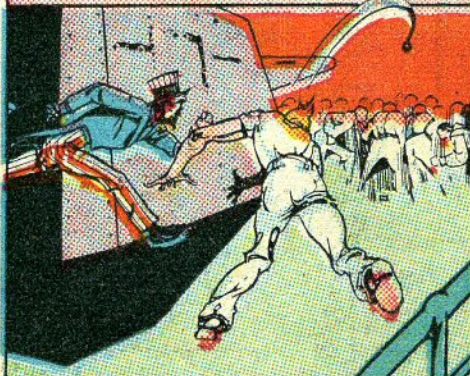


A WILD-EYED SEAMAN SCREAMS AS HE WAVES A CLUTCHED OBJECT

STAND BACK, COMRADES.. I'LL BLOW THE PATRIOTIC FOOLS TO PIECES..



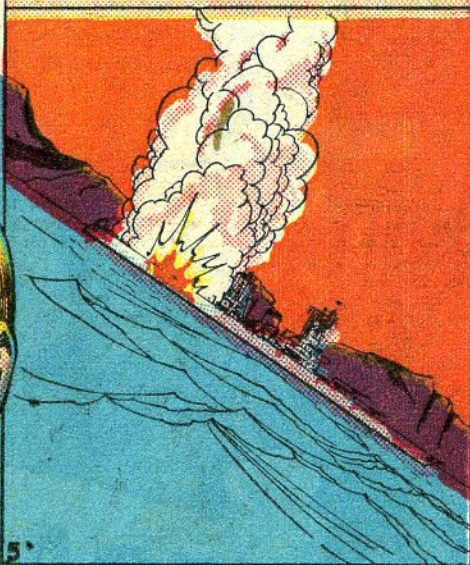
AS HE HURLS THE OBJECT, UNCLE SAM DARTS AFTER IT..



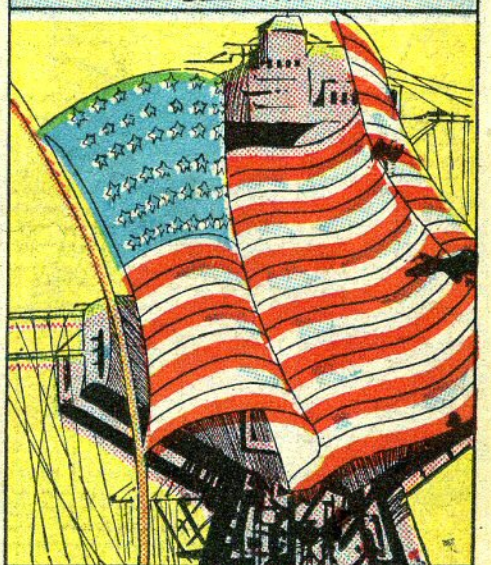
THIS IS ONE FLY BALL I WON'T MUFF!



AS THE BOMB CAROMS TO THE DECK THERE IS A GREAT BLAST, WHICH TEARS AWAY PART OF THE SUPER-STRUCTURE...



MINUTES LATER UNCLE SAM HAS AGAIN RUN UP OLD GLORY TO REPLACE THE FOREIGN EMBLEM....



A SAILOR HAULS DOWN THE AMERICAN FLAG AND QUICKLY HOISTS THE BANNER OF A DICTATOR..

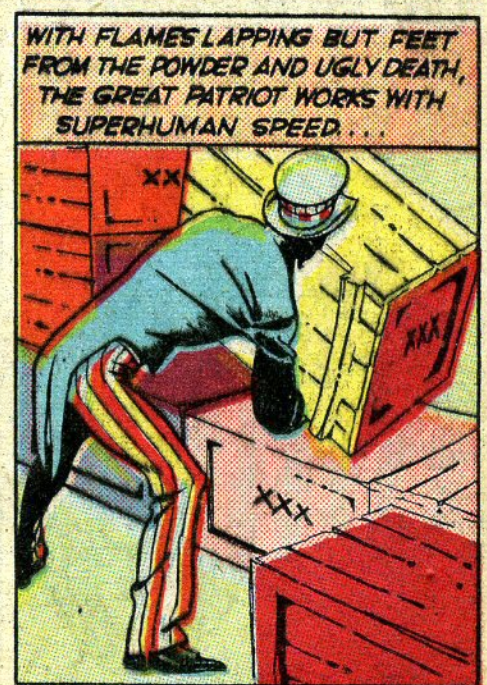
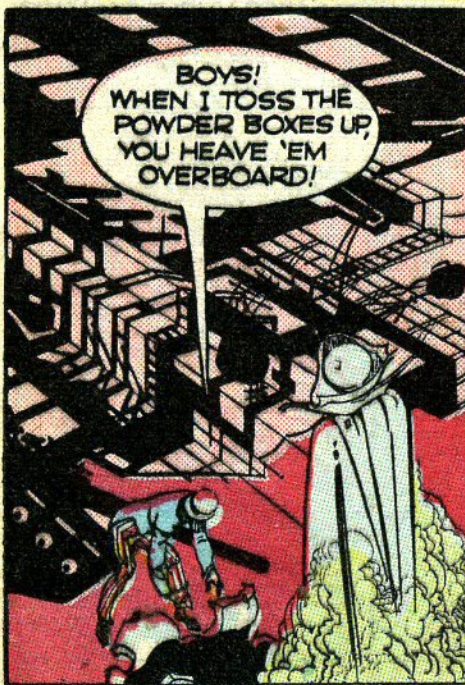
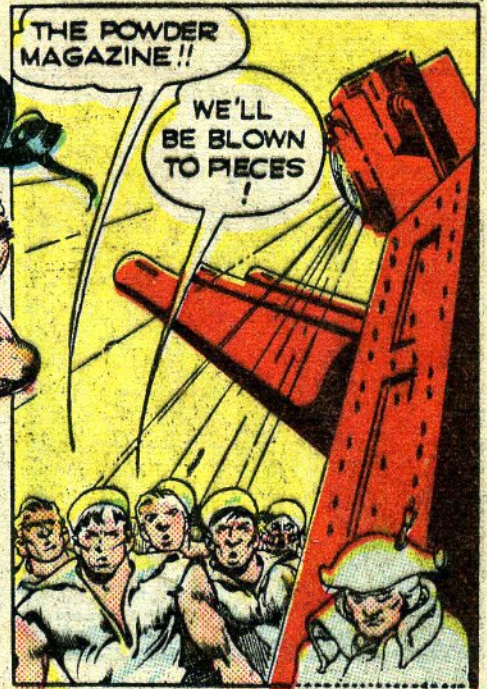


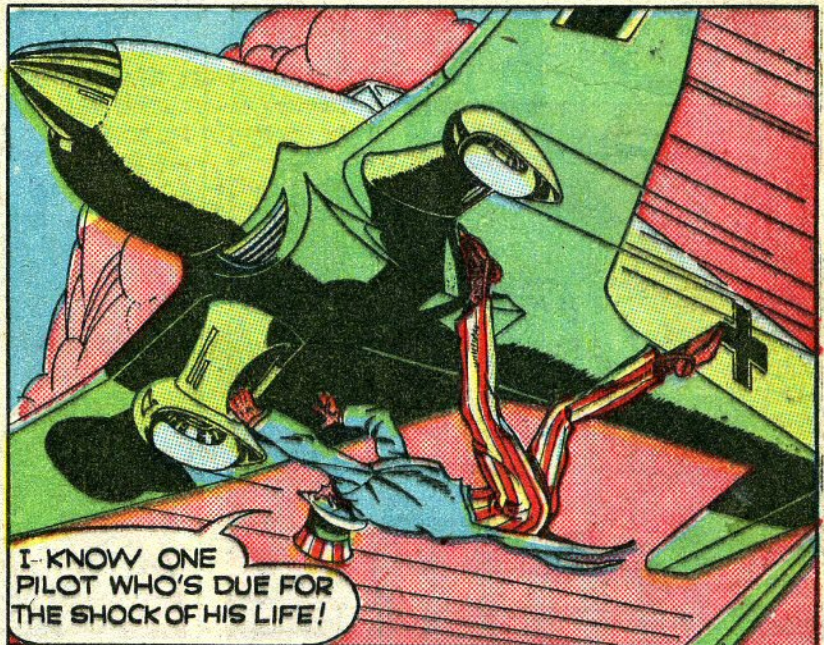
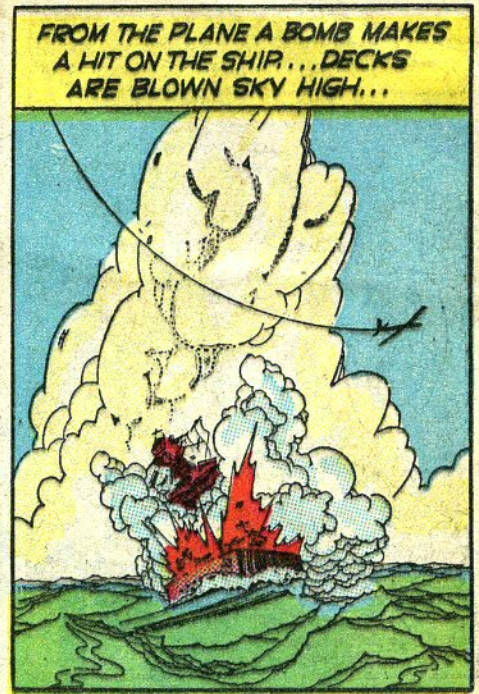
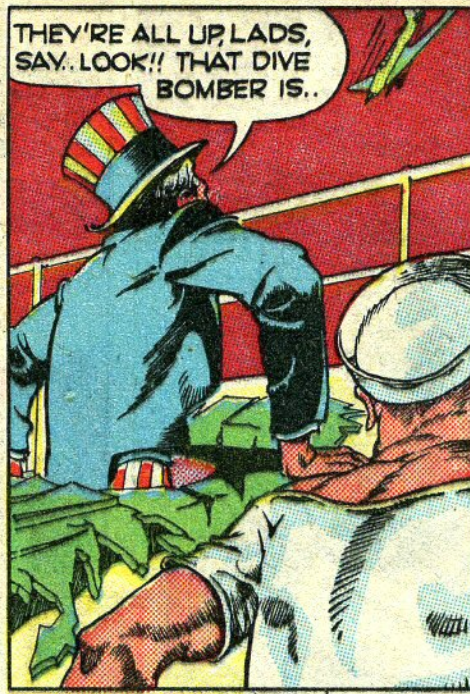
IT'S THE FIRST TIME I'VE HAD TO FIGHT BEFORE CAMERAS, GEORGE!



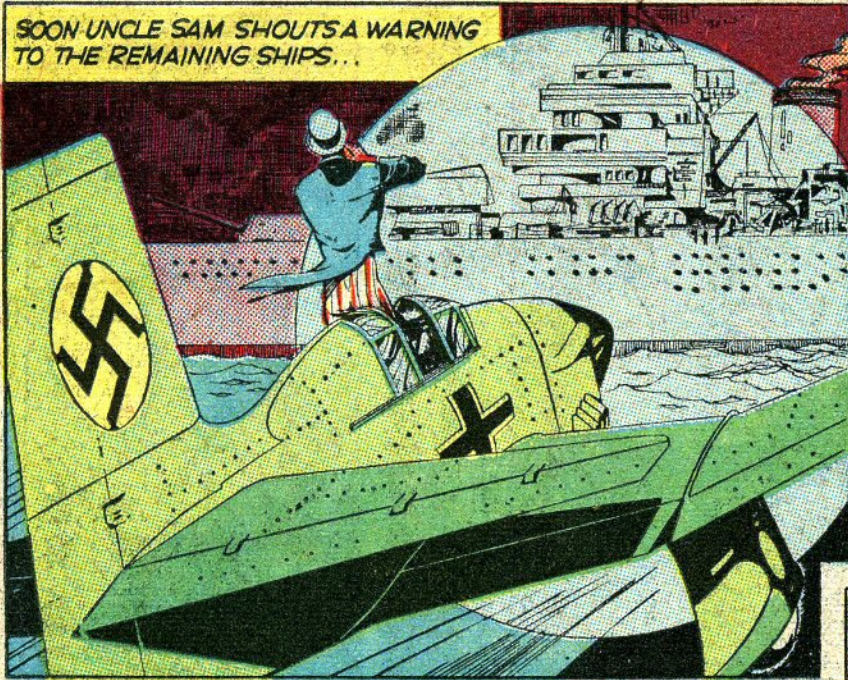
NOW. RIGHT BACK AT YOU, MR. PITCHER... YOU'LL BE MY STRIKEOUT !!







SOON UNCLE SAM SHOUTS A WARNING TO THE REMAINING SHIPS...



HOLY SMOKES! A MESSERSCHMIDT.. WITH UNCLE SAM FLYING IT! H.. HE SAYS THIS IS A REAL BATTLE !!

THE MOVIE BUSINESS WAS A FAKE !!

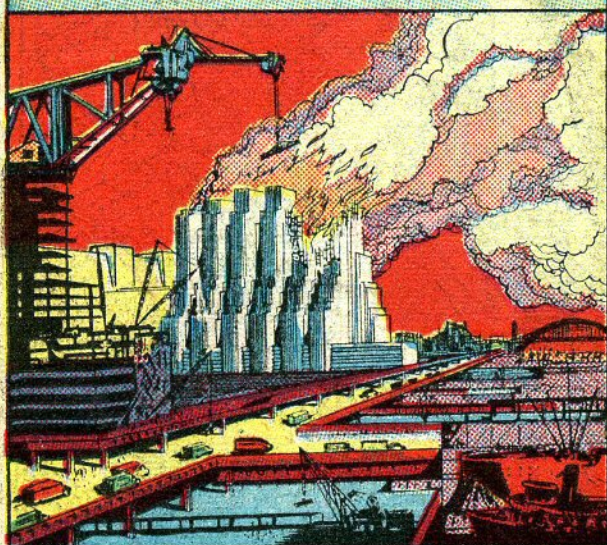


NEXT UNCLE SAM DROPS A SMOKE SCREEN TO FURTHER PROTECT THE SHIPS..

CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!



THWARTED IN TRYING TO SINK THE "OPPOSING" SHIPS, THE SPY-CONTROLLED MEN-OF-WAR NOW TURN THEIR GUNS ON COASTAL TOWNS



CALLING COAST GUARD AND FORT McARTHUR

..MOVIE IS FAKE! RUSH PLANES TO STOP INVADERS!!



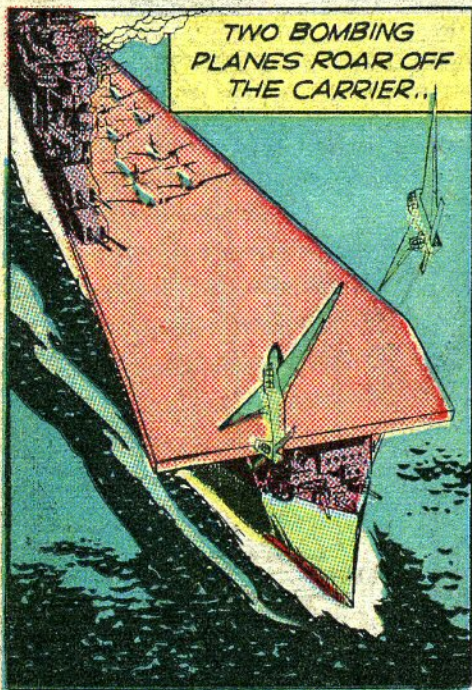
ABOARD A DICTATOR'S PLANE CARRIER FAR OUT AT SEA.....

PICKED UP THEIR MESSAGE, CAPTAIN KRANZ.. THEY'RE CALLING OUT THE COAST GUARD

SO!! WE'LL FIX THE FOOLS !!



TWO BOMBING PLANES ROAR OFF THE CARRIER..



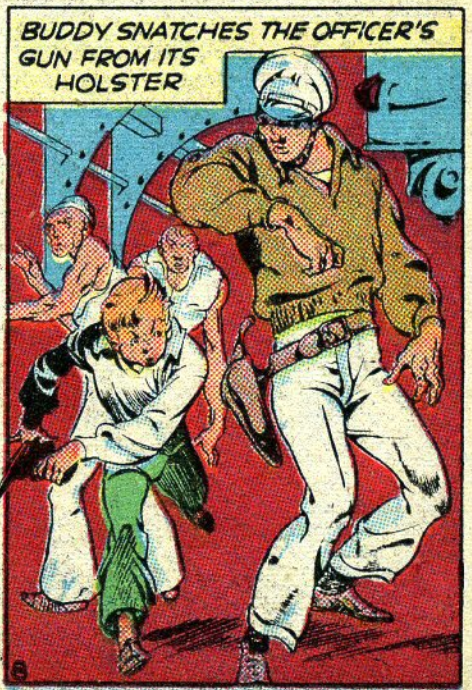
BUDDY AGAIN WATCHES FROM THE SUB..

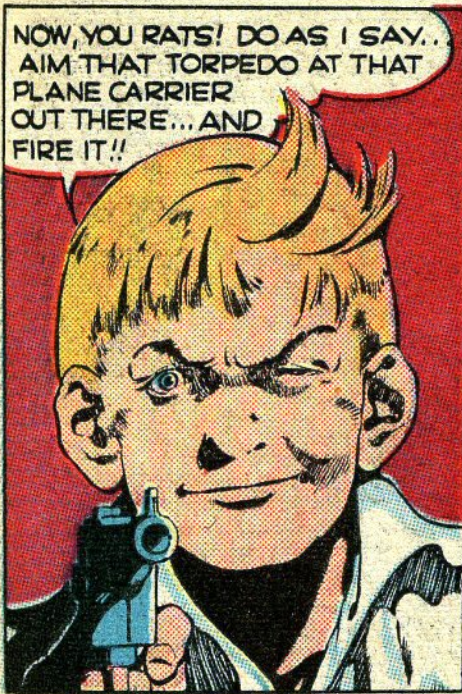
MARK YOUR SCRIPT, SONNY.. THAT'S SIX SHIPS WE'VE SUNK NOW!!

OH-HH!!



BUDDY SNATCHES THE OFFICER'S GUN FROM ITS HOLSTER





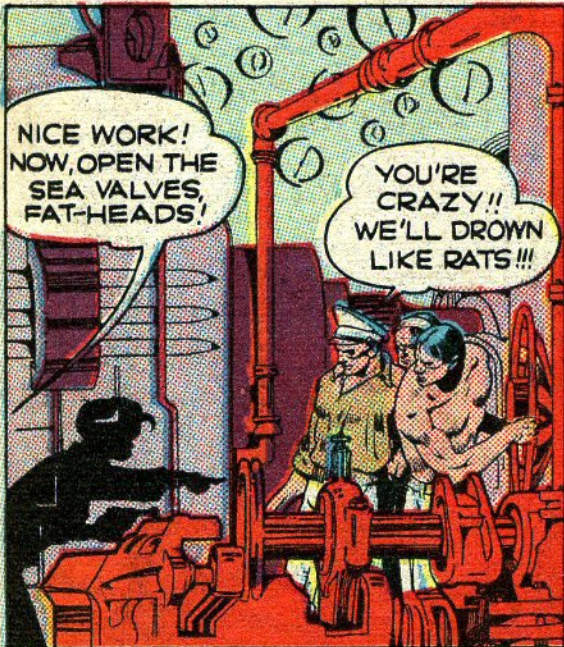
NOW, YOU RATS! DO AS I SAY.. AIM THAT TORPEDO AT THAT PLANE CARRIER OUT THERE... AND FIRE IT!!



YA LITTLE PUNK.. THIS'LL COST YOU YOUR LIFE...



BUT THE MENACING GUN FORCES OBEDIENCE... THE TORPEDO BRINGS DESTRUCTION TO THE CARRIER...

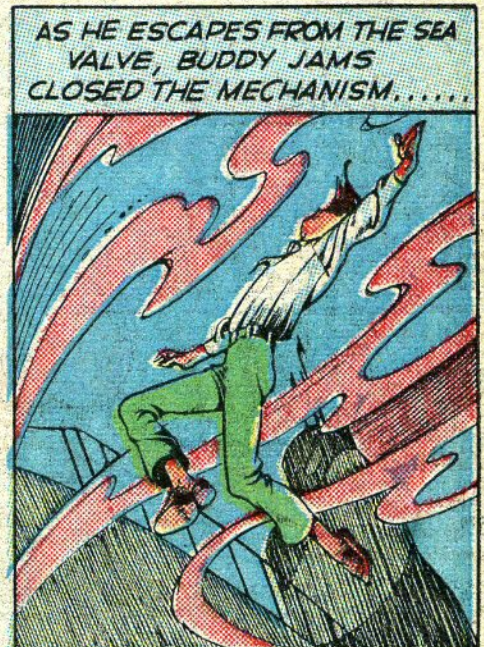


NICE WORK! NOW, OPEN THE SEA VALVES, FAT-HEADS!

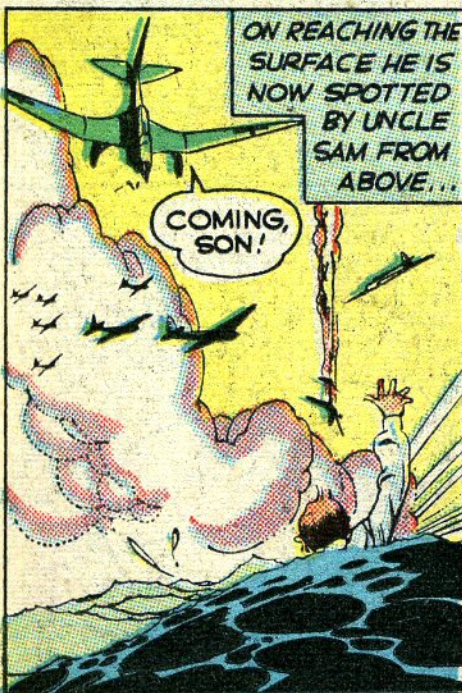
YOU'RE CRAZY!! WE'LL DROWN LIKE RATS!!!



YOU'LL DROWN, YES... BUT NOT ME!!



AS HE ESCAPES FROM THE SEA VALVE, BUDDY JAMS CLOSED THE MECHANISM.....



ON REACHING THE SURFACE HE IS NOW SPOTTED BY UNCLE SAM FROM ABOVE...

COMING, SON!



I KNOW YOU HAD A HAND IN IT, LAD!

BOY!! I'M SURE GLAD T'SEE YOU AGAIN, UNCLE SAM!!



WELL, SAM, WE'VE BEATEN OUR ENEMIES AGAIN.. YOU ALWAYS PROVE TO BE THE MASTER, I'M VERY PROUD OF YOU!!

THANK YOU, GEORGE!

GEE, UNCLE SAM, THAT WOULD'VE BEEN SOME MOVIE.. IF IT ONLY WAS A REAL MOVIE!!!

CYCLONE

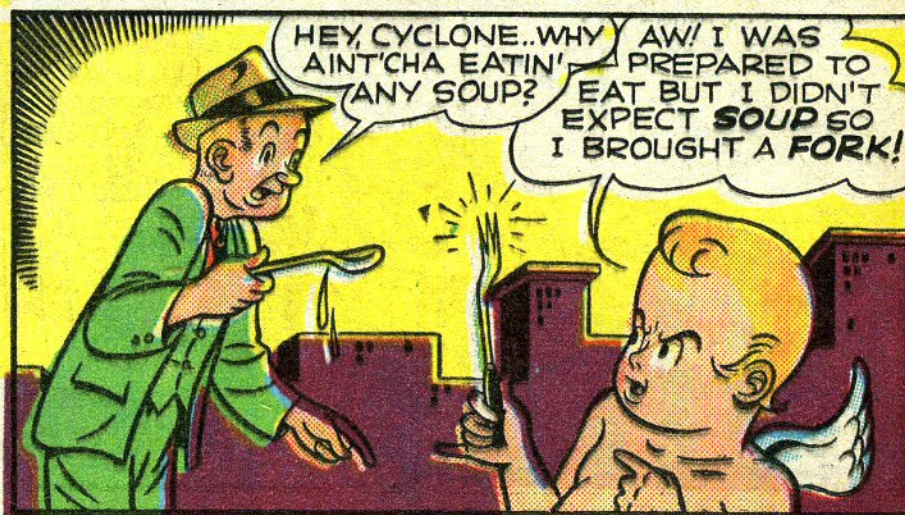
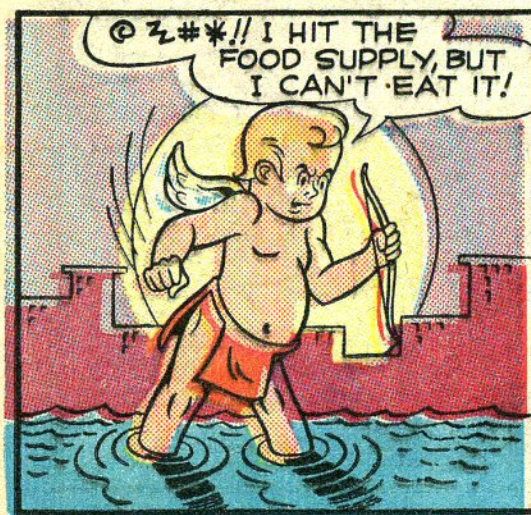
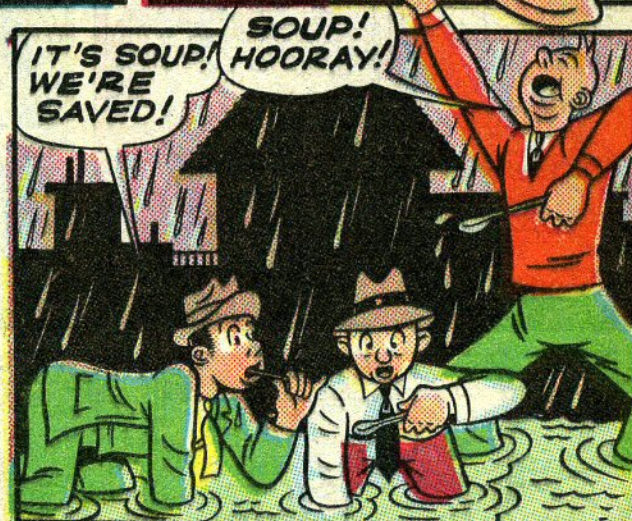
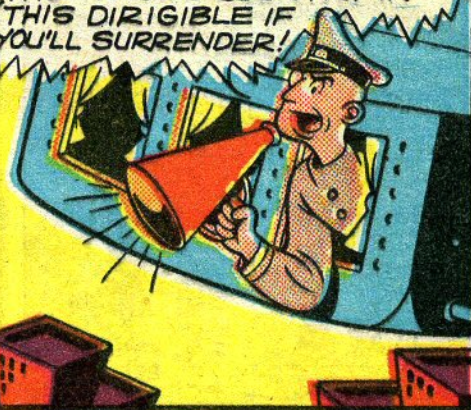
CUPID

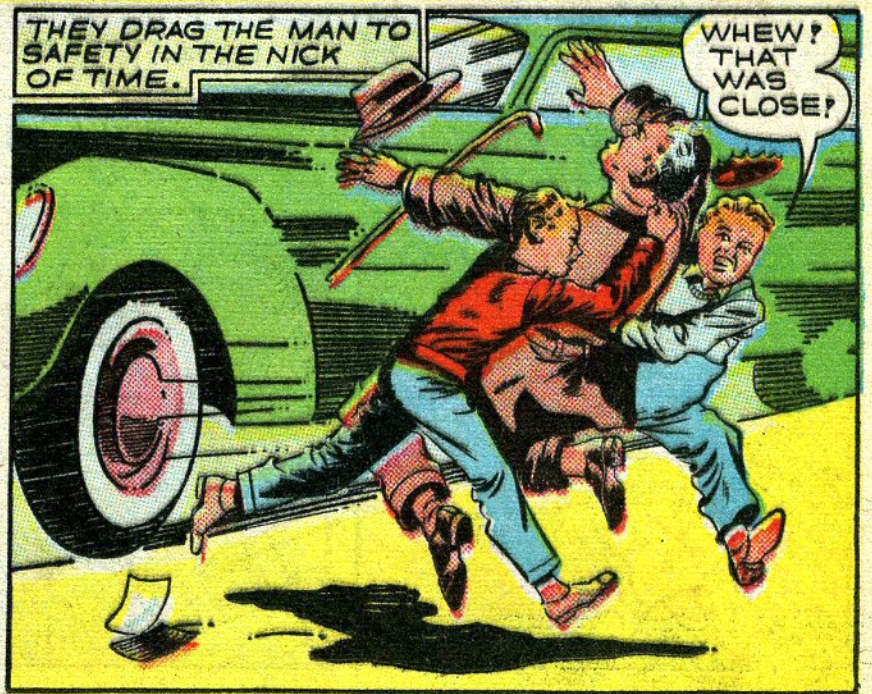
HE AIN'T STUPID!

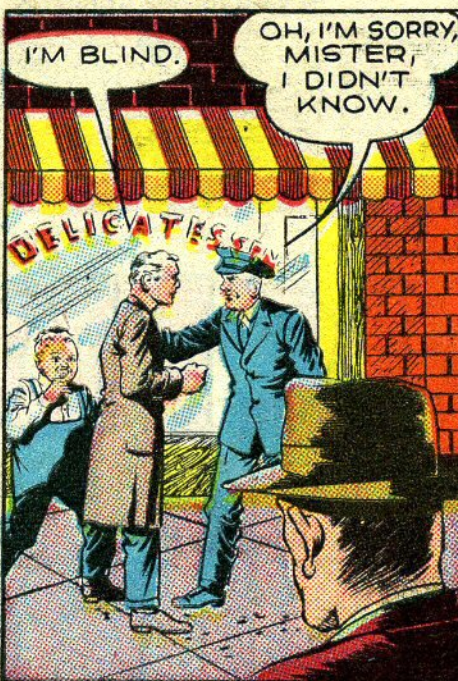
BY GILL
FOX-

AMERICA
HAS BEEN
INVADED!
TO FORCE THE
PEOPLE TO
GIVE UP THE
INVADERS ARE
STARVING
THEM!

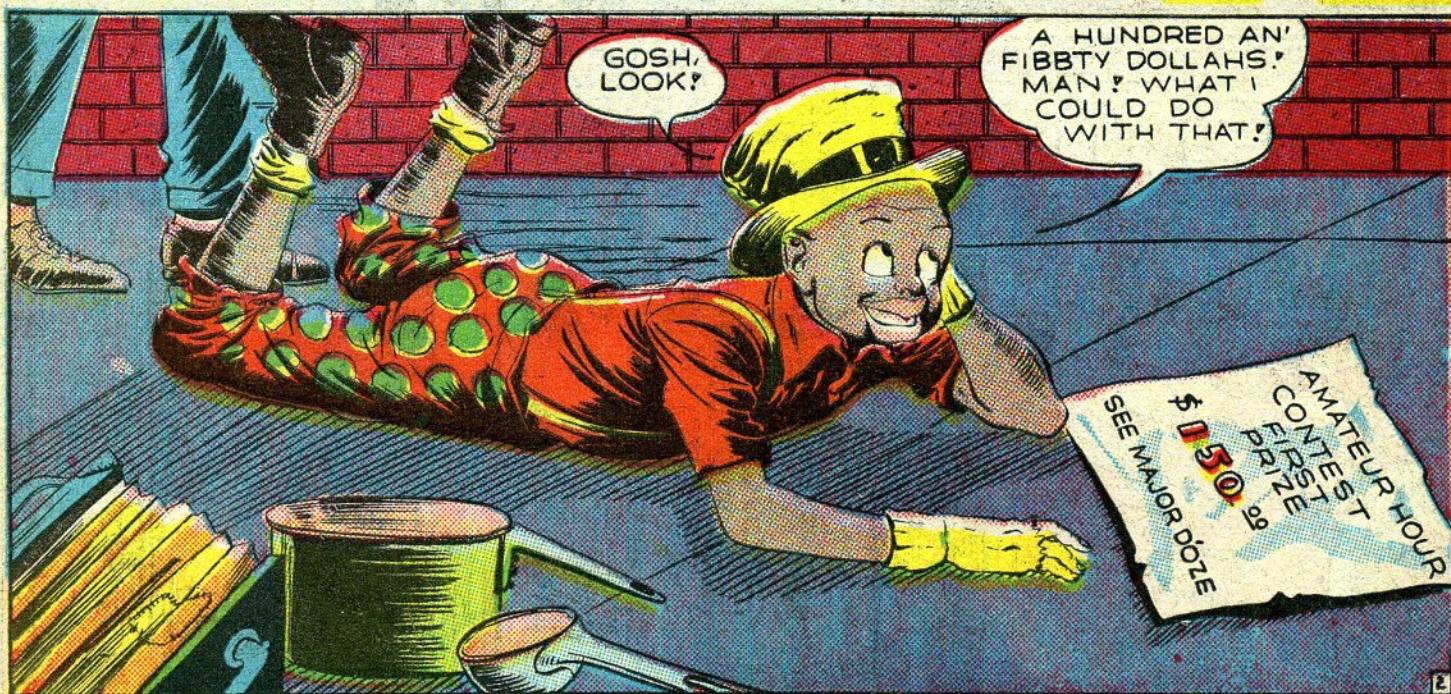
THIS IS GENERAL ALARM..
I HAVE FOOD ENOUGH FOR
THE WHOLE COUNTRY IN
THIS DIRIGIBLE IF
YOU'LL SURRENDER!

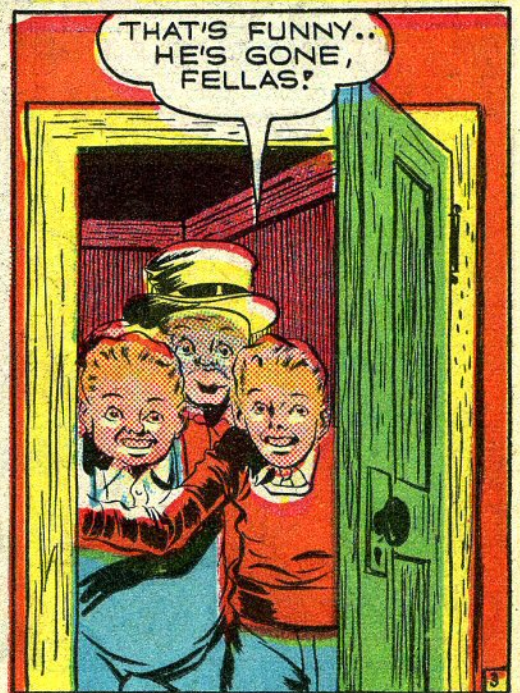
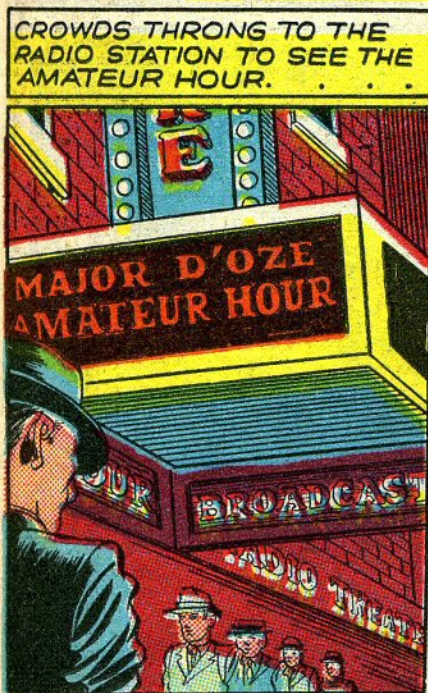
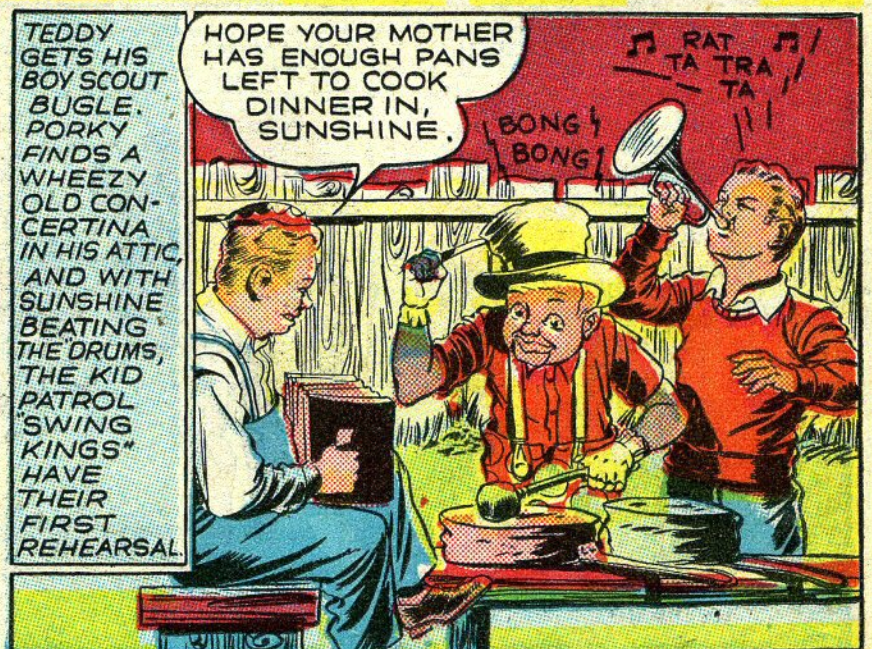
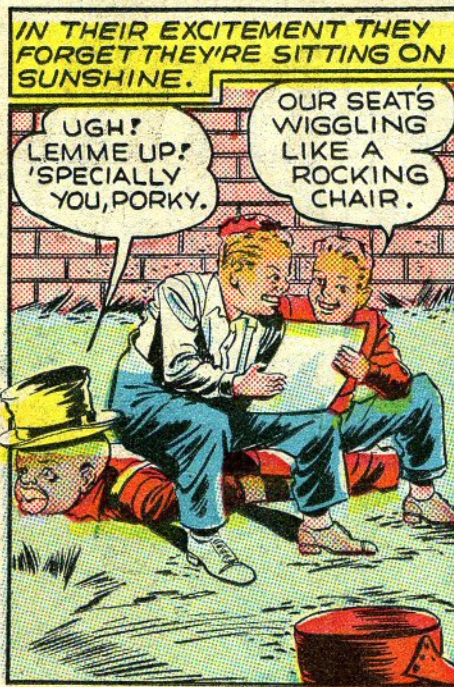
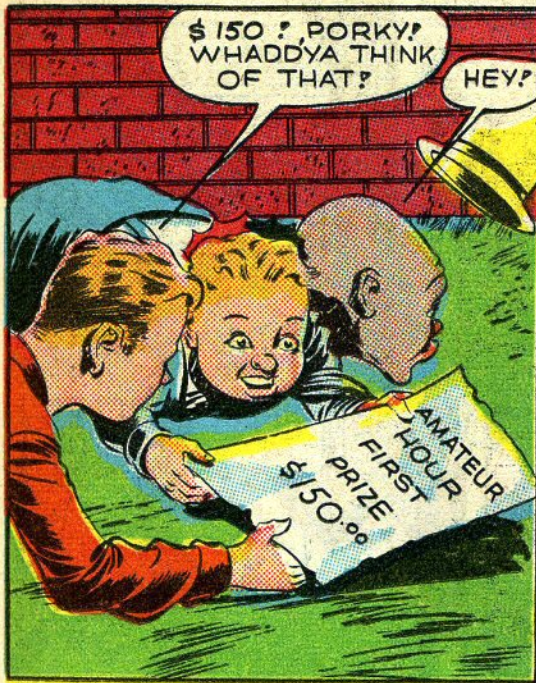


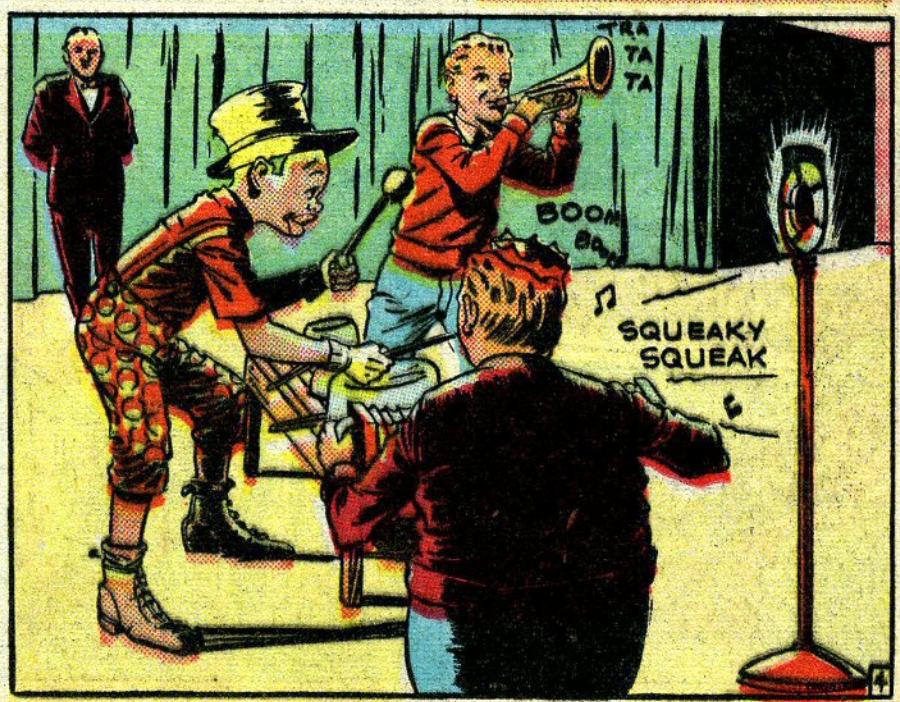
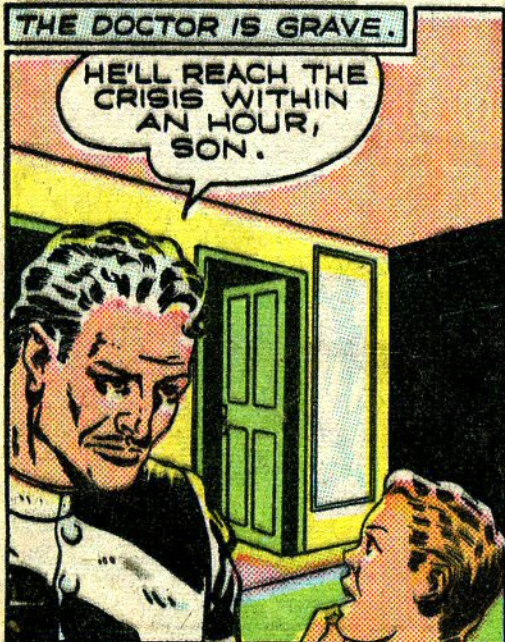
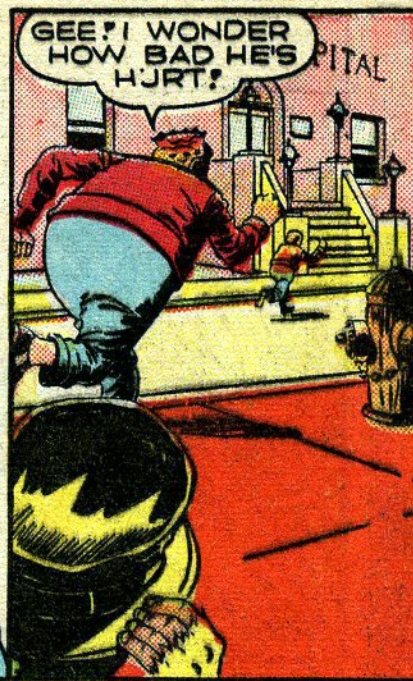
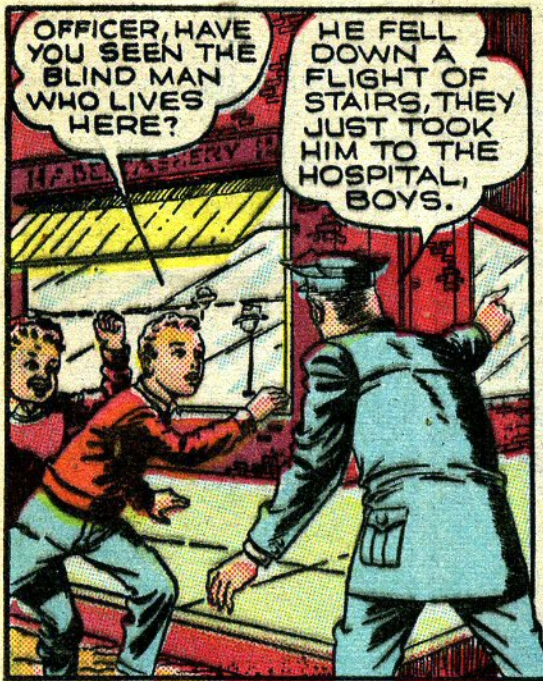




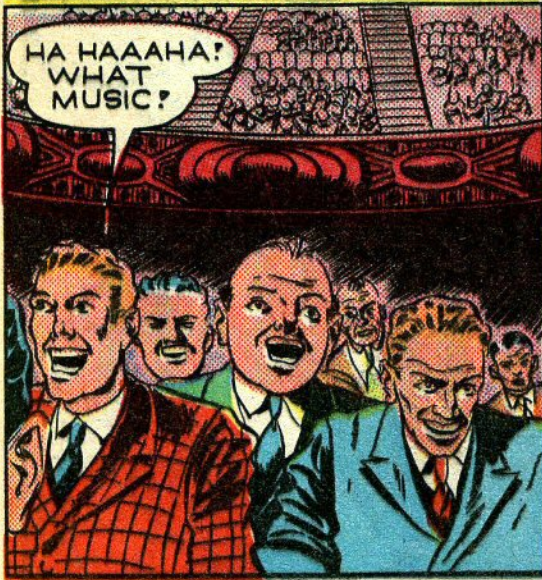
PORKY AND TEDDY ESCORT THE OLD MAN TO HIS HOME IN THE TENEMENTS.







THE AUDIENCE ROARS WITH LAUGHTER AT THE COMICAL EFFORTS OF THE "SWING KINGS".



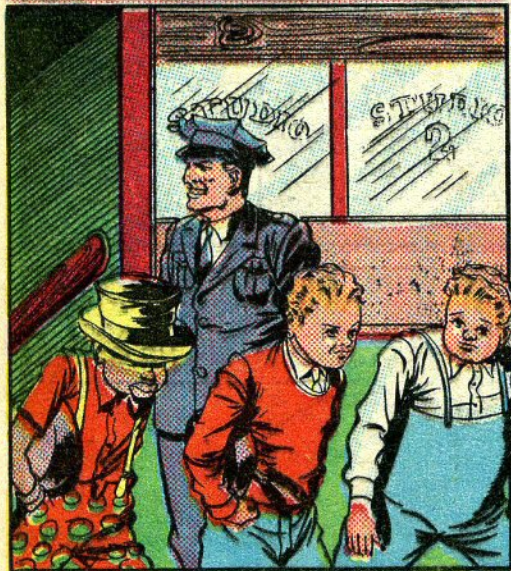
THE MASTER OF CEREMONIES GIVES THEM THE SONG.



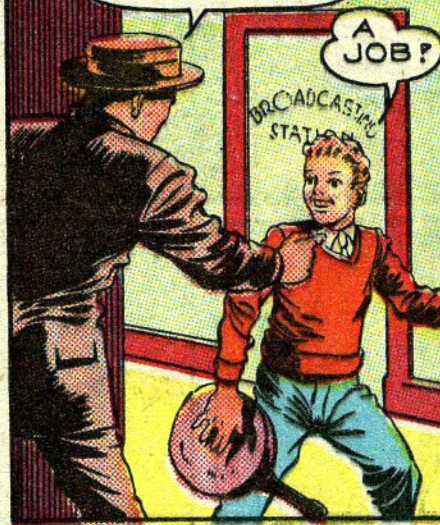
THE KID PATROL GETS A GOOD TONGUE LASHING.



DOWNHEARTED AND BLUE, THE BOYS LEAVE THE RADIO STATION.



SAY THERE, YOUNG FELLOW! I JUST SAW YOUR PERFORMANCE. WANT A JOB?



HOW WOULD YOU BOYS LIKE TO COME TO MY HOME TOMORROW AND ENTERTAIN MY AUNT. SHE HASN'T LAUGHED IN YEARS, AND I'M SURE YOU COULD DO THE TRICK.. I'LL PAY YOU \$150.00.



NEXT DAY AT THE HOSPITAL, THE KID PATROL VISITS THE BLIND MAN. THEY CARRY THE \$150.00 EARNED BY THEIR PERFORMANCE. . .



GEE, DOC? DO YOU THINK HE WILL GET WELL?

MY BOY, HE'LL BE ON HIS FEET IN A WEEK!



ONE WEEK LATER.

THE DOC WAS RIGHT, YOU LEAVE THE HOSPITAL TODAY!

WITH THIS SEEING-EYE DOG WE BOUGHT, YOU WON'T GET HURT AGAIN!

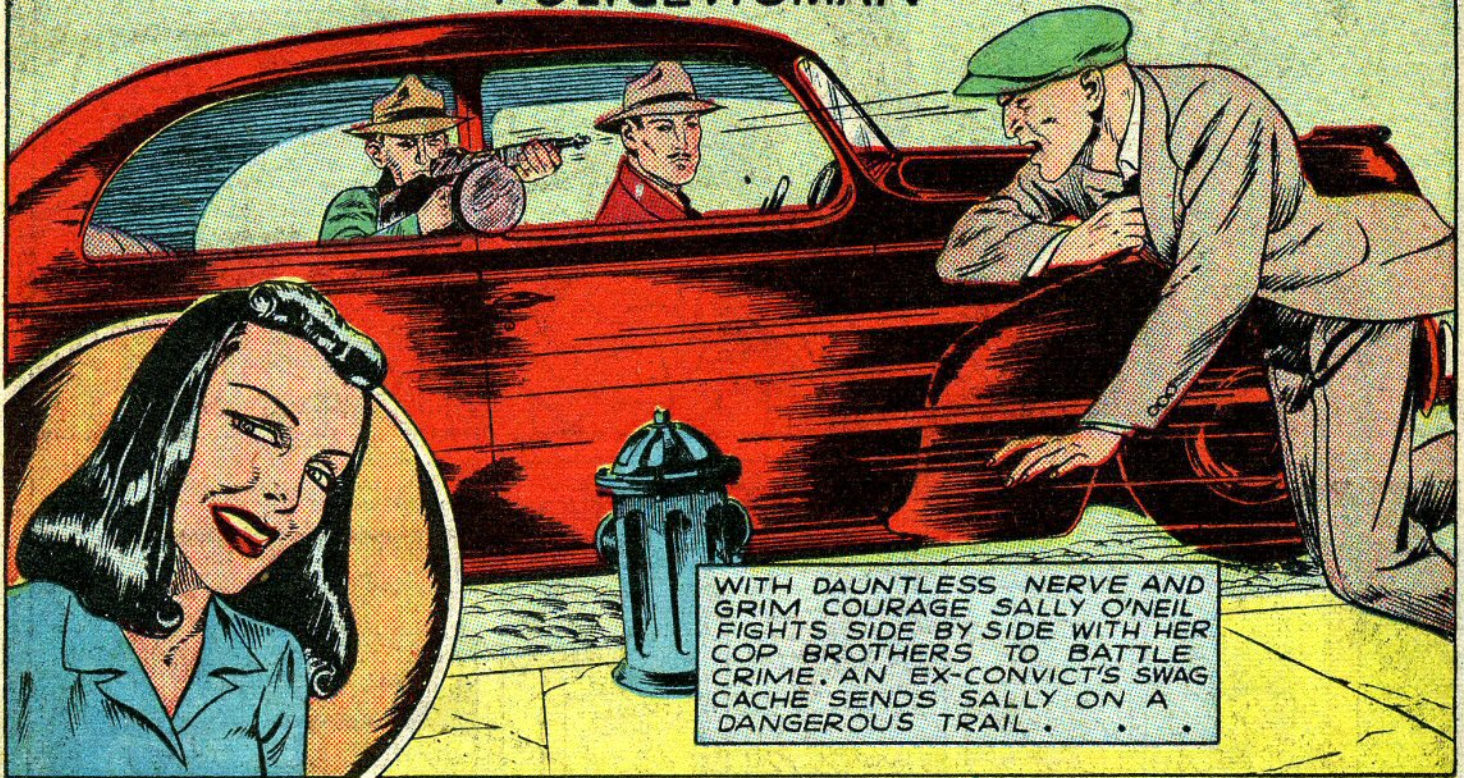


THE KID PATROL HAS ANOTHER TOPSY-TURVY ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF National Comics..

Sally O'NEIL

POLICEWOMAN

By
Frank
Kearns



WITH DAUNTLESS NERVE AND GRIM COURAGE SALLY O'NEIL FIGHTS SIDE BY SIDE WITH HER COP BROTHERS TO BATTLE CRIME. AN EX-CONVICT'S SWAG CACHE SENDS SALLY ON A DANGEROUS TRAIL . . .

SALLY AND HER BROTHER MIKE STOP AT A COT IN FARVIEW HOSPITAL'S PRISON WARD WHERE A STOOL PIGEON LIES DYING . . .

YEAH, MISS O'NEIL. STEVE GRIMM PUT ME ON THE SPOT!

TELL US MORE, SNIFFER!



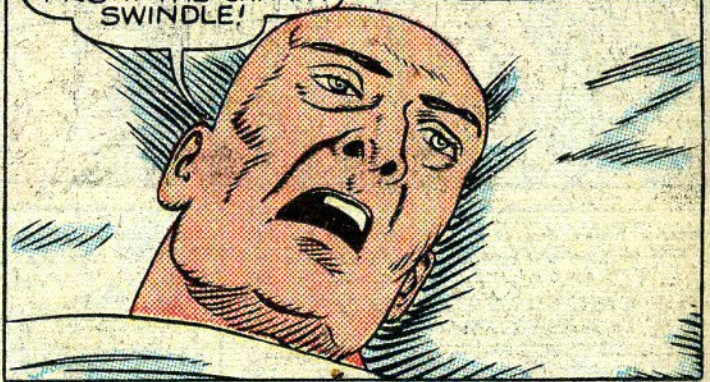
SNIFFER DIES AND SALLY LEADS MIKE QUICKLY FROM THE WARD . . .

PRISON WARD

LET'S MAKE IT SNAPPY, MIKE. WE'VE GOT TO FOLLOW BIG DAN WHEN HE LEAVES THE PEN!



OKAY! YOU'VE BEEN DECENT TO ME, SO HERE'S A TIP. BIG DAN CORELLI GOES LOOSE FROM SING SING TODAY AND HE'LL GO AFTER THE DOUGH HE STACHED FROM THE CHARITY SWINDLE!

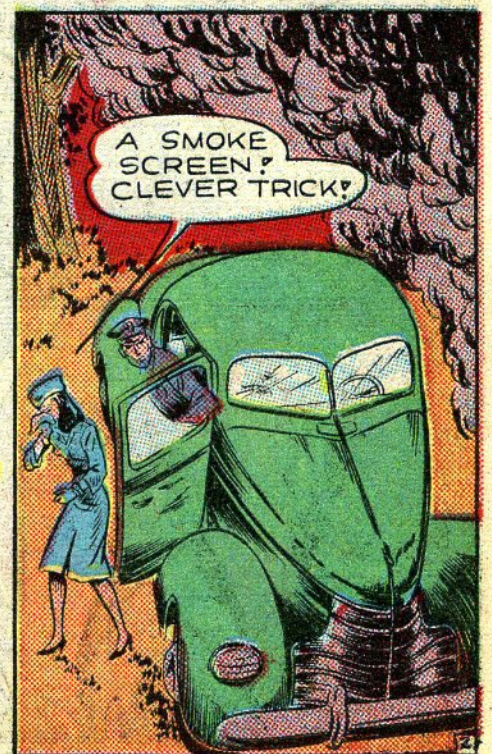
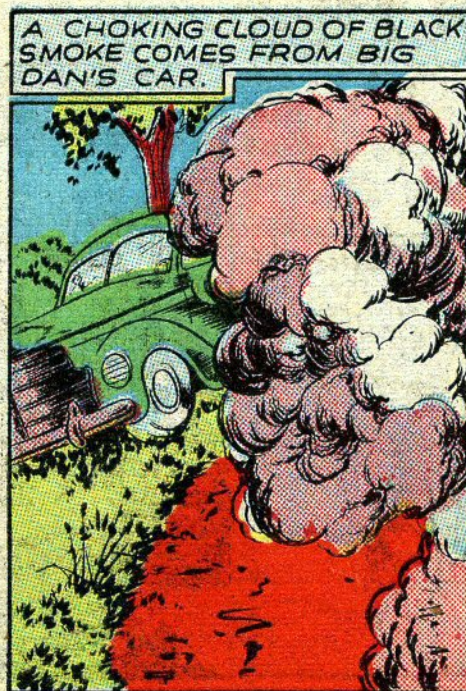
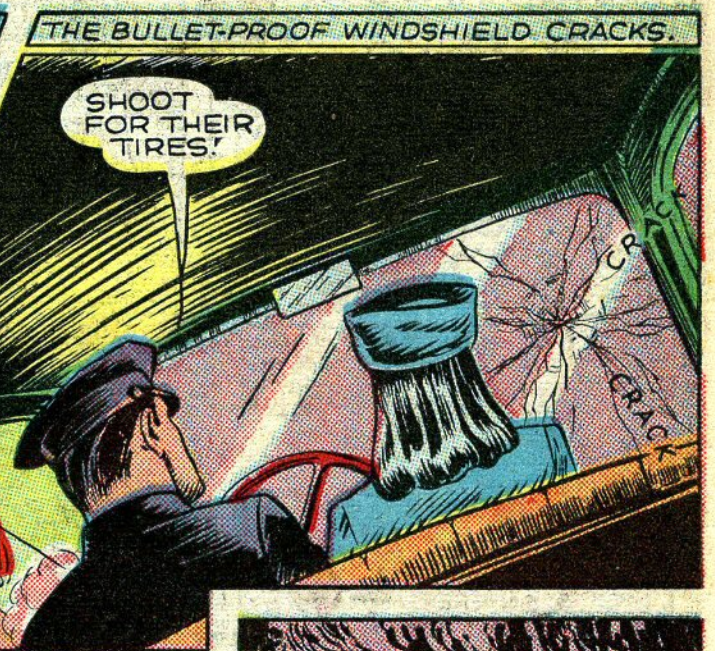
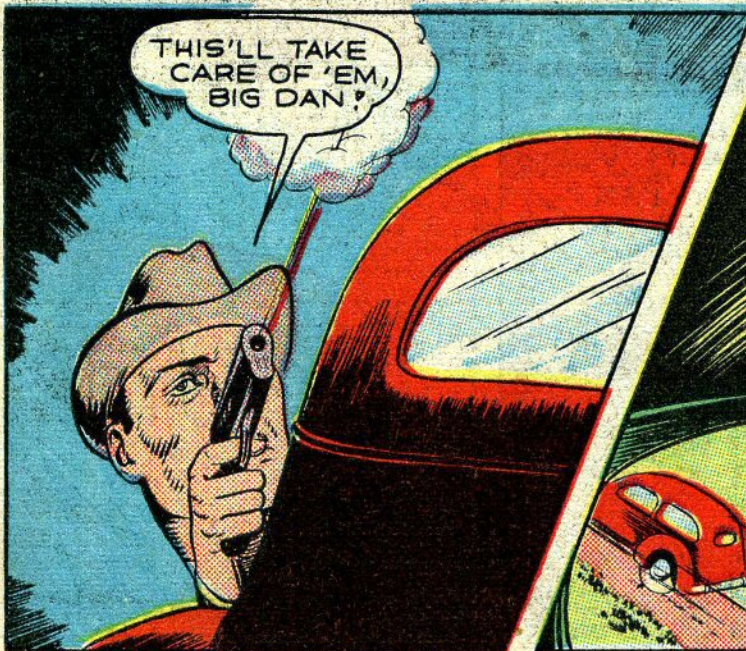
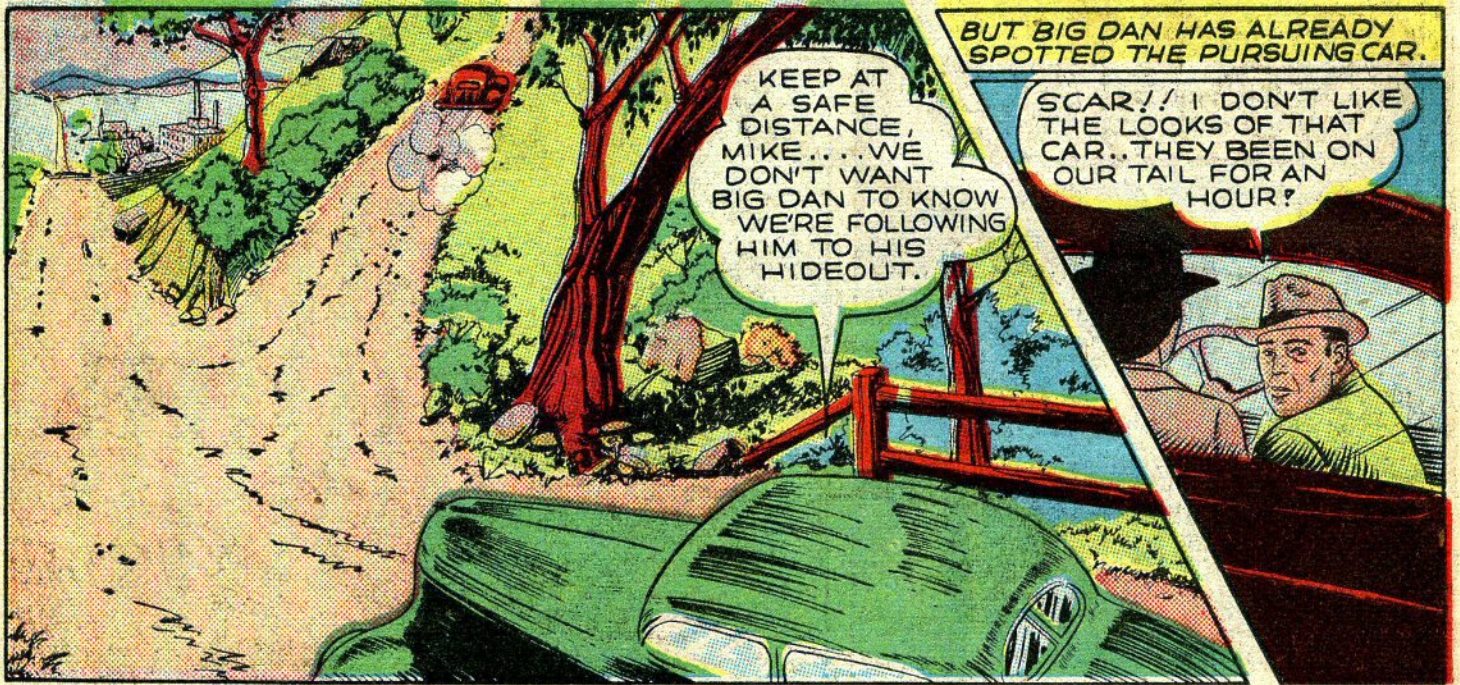


WITH THEIR SIREN SCREAMING, THEY MAKE A RECORD RUN TO SING SING . . .

WE'RE NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON, SAL. THERE'S BIG DAN NOW!

HE HAS A PAL WAITING IN THAT CAR. WE'LL FOLLOW!

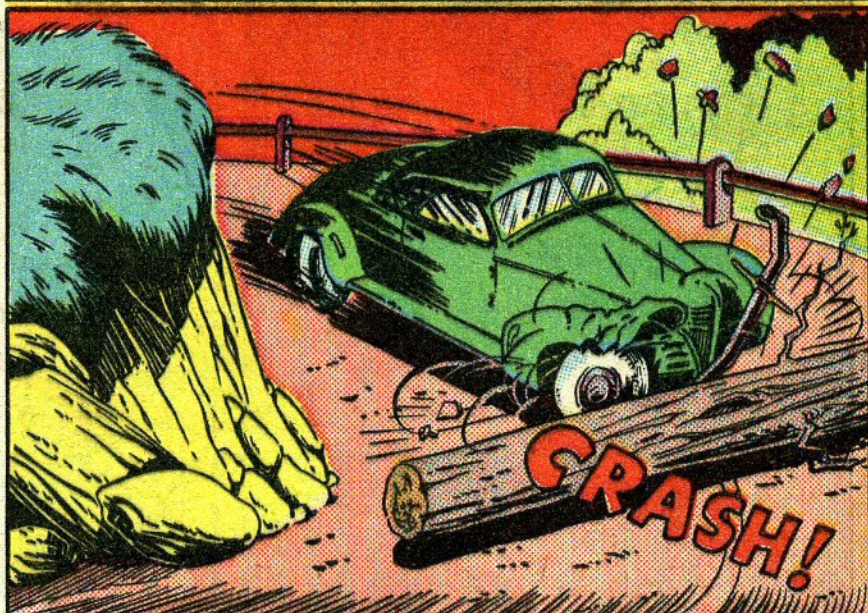




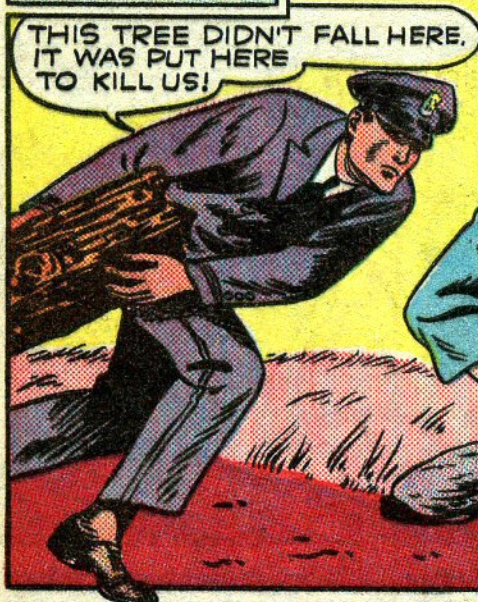
RECOVERED FROM THE EFFECTS OF THE SMOKE, SALLY AND MIKE SPEED ON.



MIKE JAMS ON THE BRAKES, BUT TOO LATE. . . THEY CRASH INTO A TREE LYING ACROSS THE HIGHWAY. . .



MIKE DRAGS THE TREE OUT OF THE WAY. . .



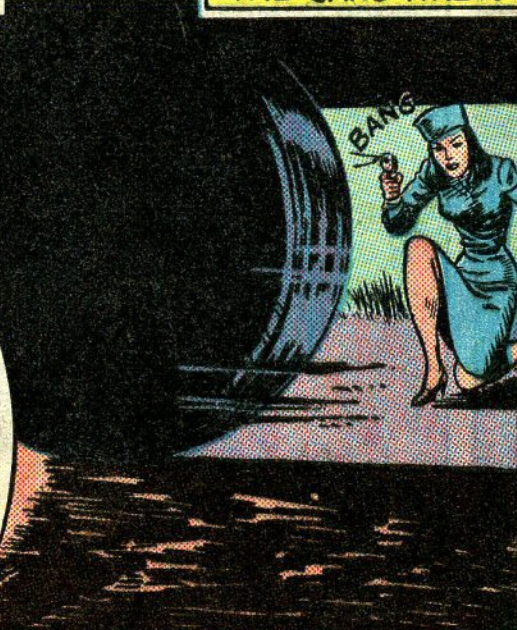
IT WON'T START, SAL. WE'LL HAVE TO ABANDON IT!



AS THE CAR APPROACHES, SALLY RECOGNIZES THE DRIVER.



SALLY SNAPS A QUICK SHOT AT THE CAR'S TIRES.

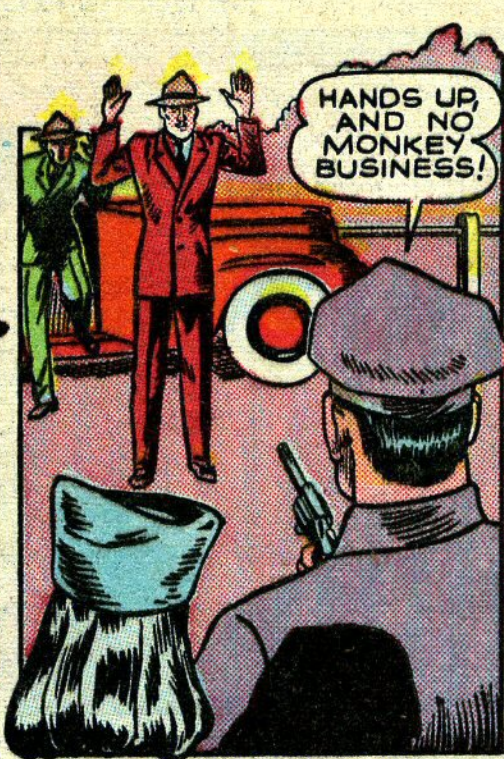


THIS TIME SHE DOESN'T MISS. . .

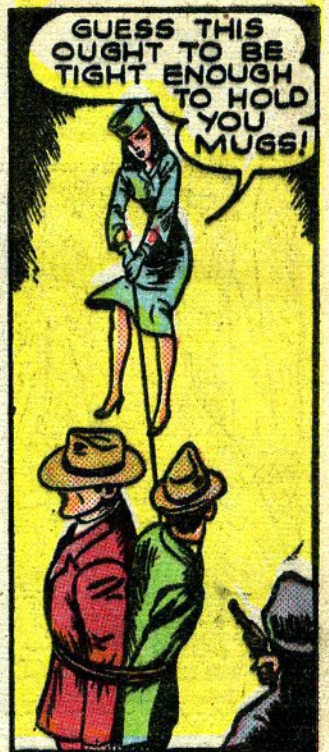




IT'S THE COPS, MOPEY. PICK 'EM OFF!



HANDS UP, AND NO MONKEY BUSINESS!



GUESS THIS OUGHT TO BE TIGHT ENOUGH TO HOLD YOU MUGS!

THE GUNMAN AND HIS PAL ARE TIED UP AND TOSSED IN THE BACK SEAT.



THERE'S ONLY ONE WAY TO HANDLE KILLERS!

MIKE REPLACES THE BLOWN TIRE WITH THE SPARE.



THEY FOLLOW THE TIRE TRACKS OF BIG DAN'S CAR.



WE'VE GOT TWO RATS! NOW FOR TWO MORE! GOOD HUNTING IN THESE PARTS!

SALLY AND MIKE LOCATE THE HIDE-OUT.



SO THIS IS WHERE BIG DAN HID THE MONEY!

GUNS READY, THEY SNEAK UP TO THE CABIN.





SALLY AND MIKE TAKE THE CROOKS OFF GUARD.

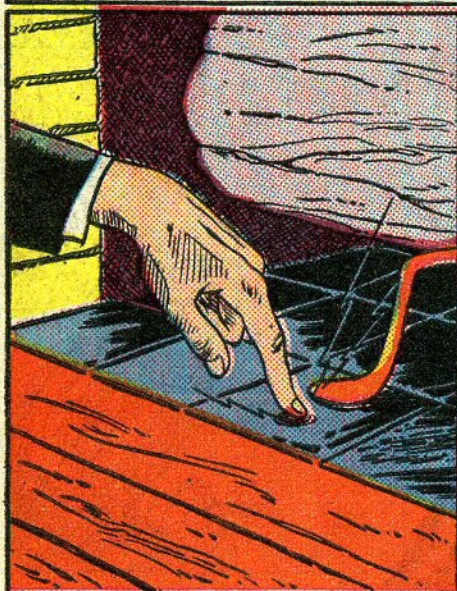
REACH FOR THE CEILING, YOU TWO!



BUT BIG DAN REACHES FOR A SECRET PUSH-BUTTON.

...AND THEY PLUNGE THROUGH A TRAP-DOOR TO THE CELLAR.

MEANWHILE, THE GANGSTER GRIMM AND HIS FRIEND WRIGGLE OUT OF THEIR BONDS.



IN JUST A MINUTE WE'LL BE FREE, MOPEY!



GRIMM AND MOPEY BURST INTO THE CABIN AND PLUG BIG DAN CORRELLI AND HIS PAL.

THEY SET FIRE TO THE CABIN AND GRAB THE SUITCASE FULL OF MONEY.



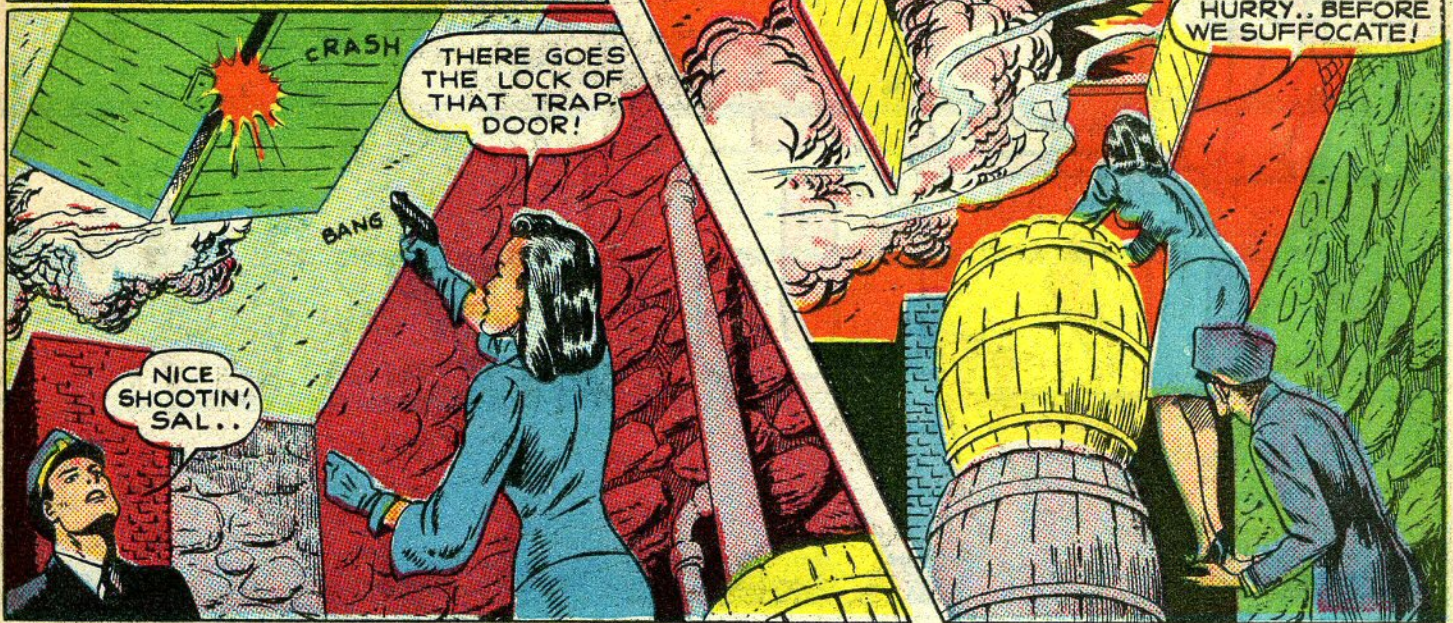
HURRY, BOSS! LET'S GET GOIN'!

I DON'T KNOW WHERE THOSE COPPERS DISAPPEARED TO, BUT IF THEY'RE IN HERE, THEY'LL BURN WITH CORRELLI AND HIS STOOGES!



THE SMOKE POURS IN... BUT SALLY'S MARKSMANSHIP COMES IN HANDY.

PIILING UP EMPTY BARRELS, THEY CLIMB OUT.



CRASH
BANG
THERE GOES THE LOCK OF THAT TRAP DOOR!

NICE SHOOTIN', SAL..

HURRY.. BEFORE WE SUFFOCATE!

THEY LEFT THESE WOUNDED MEN HERE TO BURN ALIVE! HURRY UP, MIKE! WE'VE GOT TO CATCH THEM!



OUTSIDE STEVE GRIMM AND HIS PAL RUSH TO THEIR CAR.

WHAT A HAUL! OUR WORRIES ARE OVER FOR LIFE, STEVE!



THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK! YOU'RE GOING BEHIND PRISON BARS FOR LIFE, BOYS!



MIKE SAVES THE MEN FROM A FIERY DEATH.



PUT GRIMM AND MOPEY IN THE BACK SEAT, SALLY, WHERE THEY CAN NURSE THESE MUGS THEY WOUNDED UNTIL WE REACH A HOSPITAL..

AND WITH A CARLOAD OF CROOKS THEY HEAD BACK TO TOWN.



I'LL BET THE WARDEN'LL BE GLAD TO HAVE HIS STAR BOARDS BACK! AND THE CHARITY WILL BE GLAD TO GET BACK THE MONEY THEY STOLE EH, SALLY!

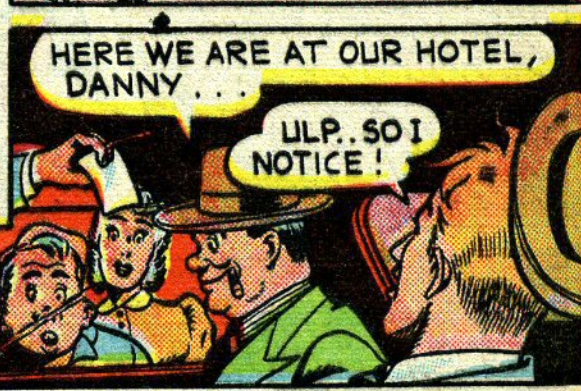
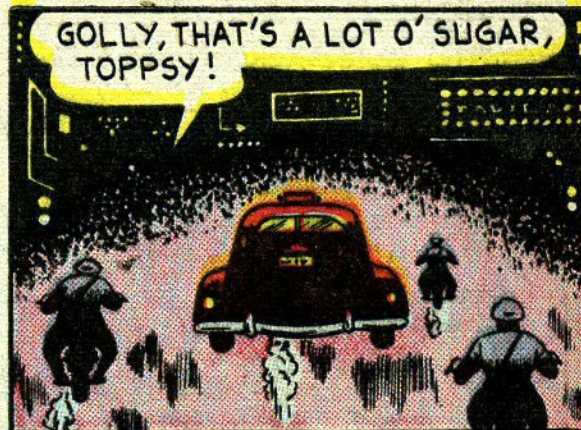
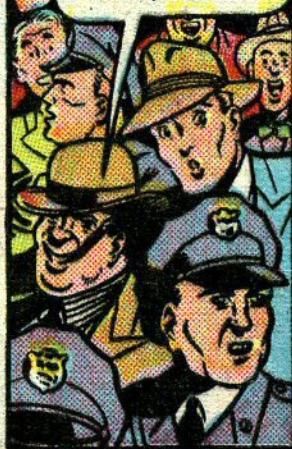
SALLY O'NEIL FIGHTS HER WAY THROUGH ANOTHER THRILLING ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT NATIONAL COMICS.



IN THE DRESSING ROOM, AFTER THE KID'S SUCCESSFUL DEFENSE OF HIS TITLE, HIS MANAGER, "BOTTLE" TOPPS, GLOATS AND GURGLES...



AN' FORTY PER-CENT OF THE RECEIPTS GOES INTO OUR MONEY-BAGS, CHAMP!



HIS NAME BEGINS TO DANCE BEFORE HIS EYES AS DANNY IS SWAMPED IN A MAZE OF AUTOGRAPH-HUNGRY FANS



BOY, ARE WE GONNA GIVE THE KID A ROOKING!



HE'S SO FUSSED NOW, THE SAP WON'T NOTICE HE'S SIGNIN' A BLANK CHECK . .

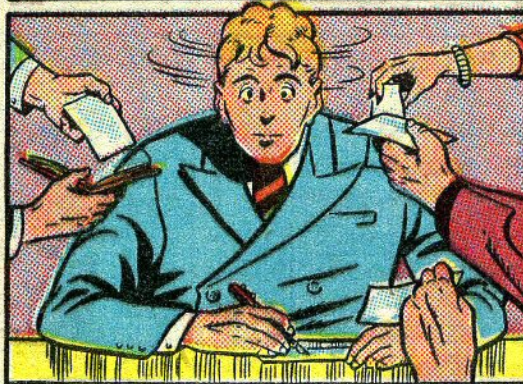


WOULD YOU AUTOGRAPH THIS FOR ME, MR. DIXON?

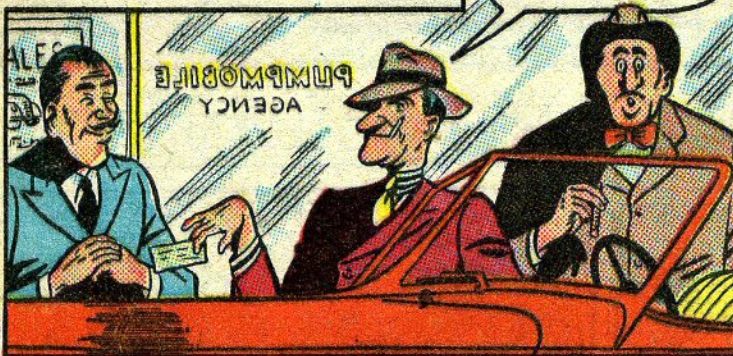
SURE.



AND THE KID UNWITTINGLY SIGNS THE BLANK CHECK . . .



\$1500 FOR THE BUGGY, EH? CAN YOU CASH THIS CHECK?



LESSEE, WOT'LL WE FILL IT OUT FER . . TEN THOUSAN'?

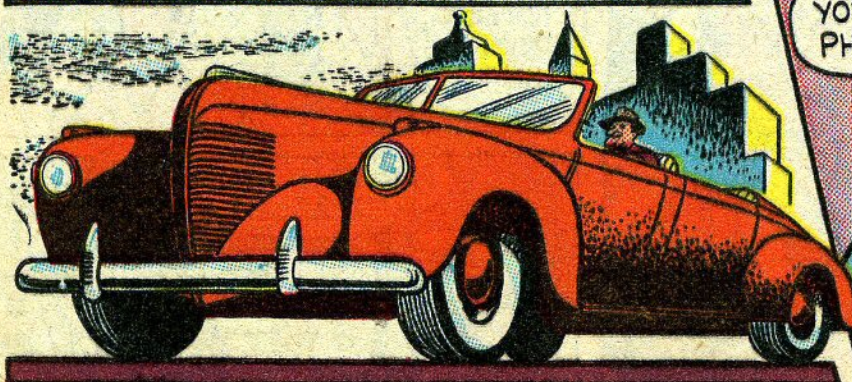
WE BETTER TAKE IT EASY . . THREE GRAND IS A TIDY HUNK.



CAN YOU WAIT WHILE I HAVE A BOY RUN TO THE ARENA TO HAVE THIS SIGNATURE VERIFIED?



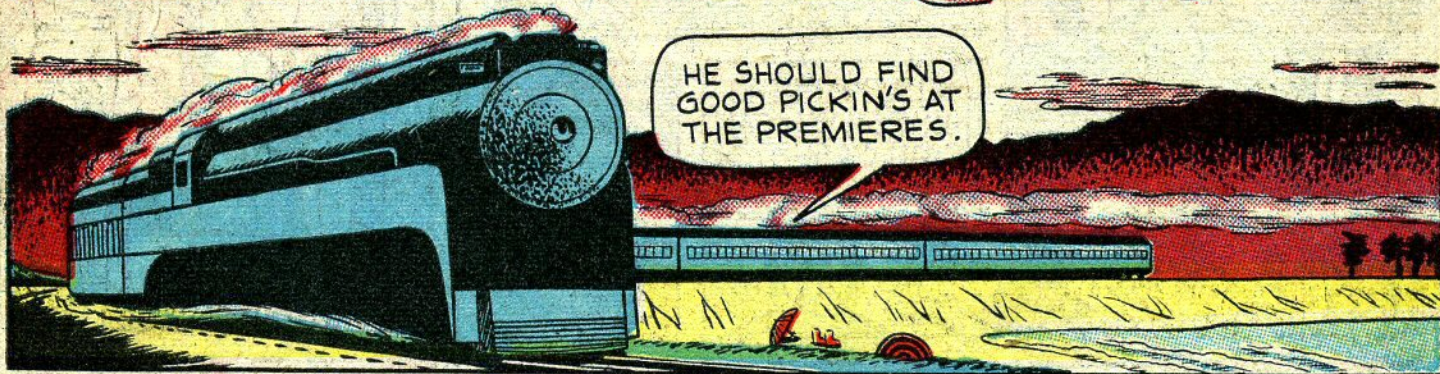
THE CHAMP'S "JOHN HANCOCK" IS VERIFIED . . . AND SOON THE NEW GAS-BURNER ROLLS PROUDLY THROUGH THE STREETS.



NEXT MORNING . . THE CHECK BOUNCES NEATLY FROM THE BANK . . .

YOW! WE BEEN ROBBED! WHERE'D THIS PHONY COME FROM?



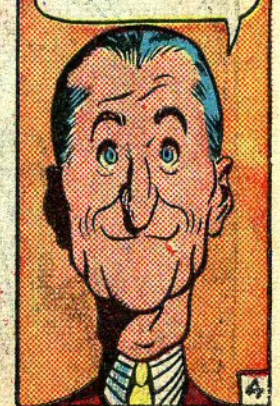
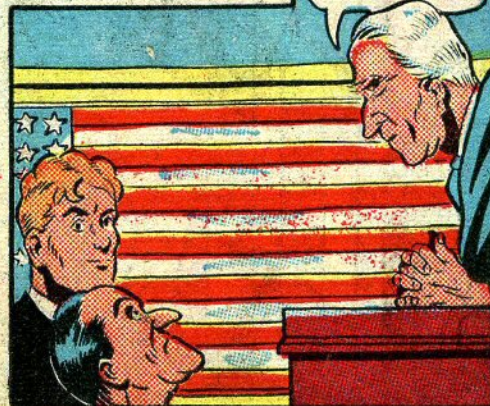
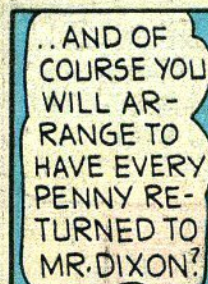
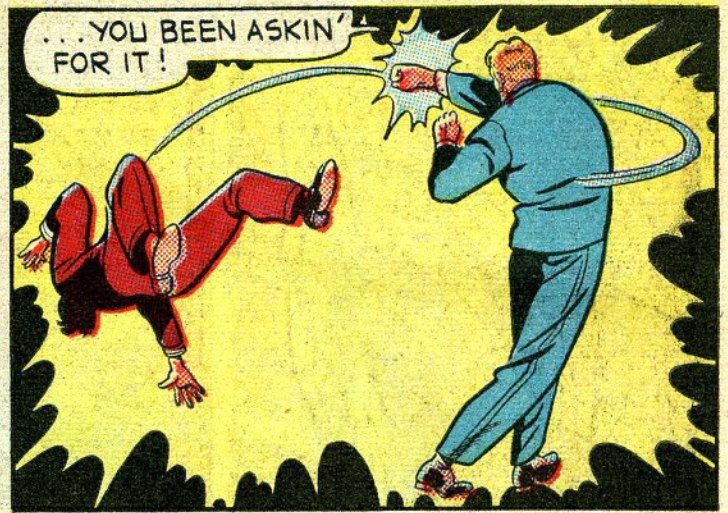


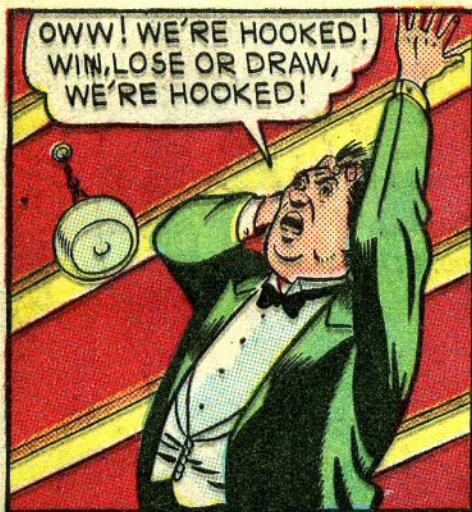
IN HOLLYWOOD. THE BOXER AND HIS MANAGER ATTEND A PREMIERE...



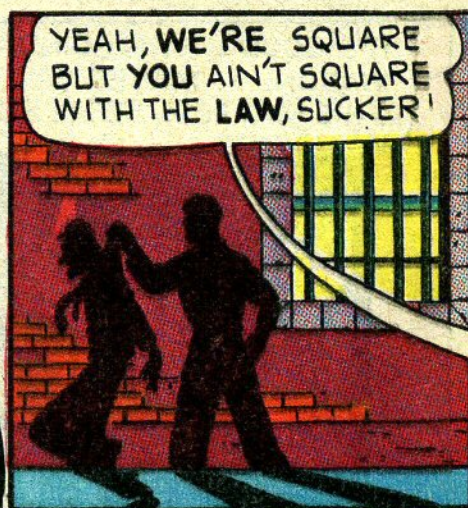
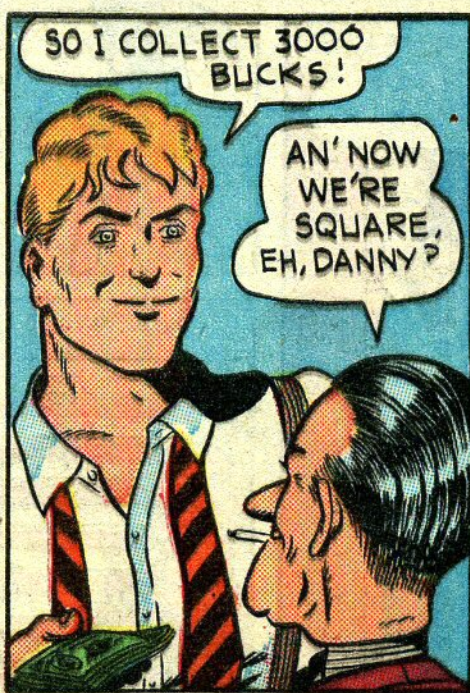
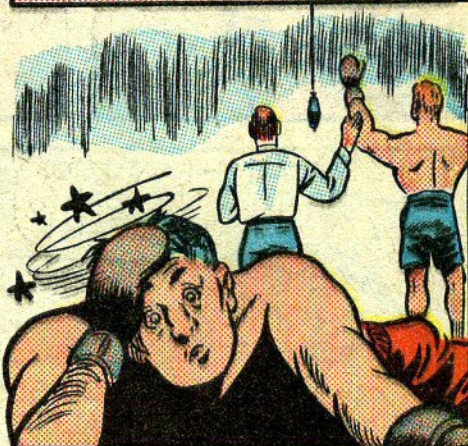
LOOK, THERE'S DAPHNE DAZZLE! LET'S GET HER AUTOGRAPH







THE NIGHT OF THE FIGHT.. THE
PACIFIC COAST CHAMP FACES
THE KID FOR A MOMENT.
AND WAKES UP BLINKING
AT THE CANVAS.



WATCH KID DIXON'S MILLION
DOLLAR FISTS BATTER THRU
THE PAGES OF NEXT MONTH'S
NATIONAL COMICS.

Wonder Boy

by Jerry Maxwell



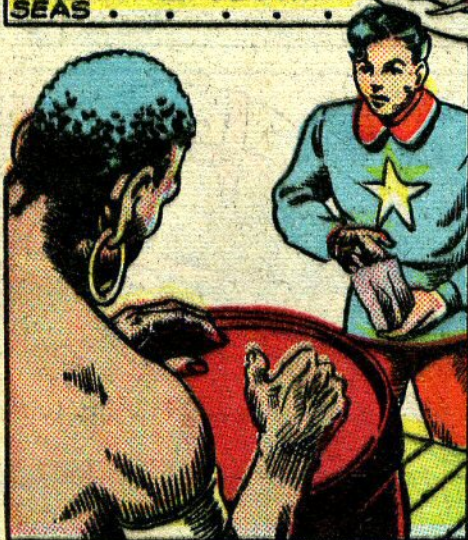
RETURNING
KINDNESS FOR
CRUELTY TO THE
NATIVES UNDER
WHITE MEN'S YOKES,
WONDER BOY COVERS
LAND AND SEA IN
A THRILLING CHAPTER
OF HIS CAREER...

AT WINGER'S
COUNTRY BAZAAR,
WONDER BOY STARES
AT PAGI, THE PER-
FORMING NATIVE
FROM THE SOUTH
SEAS...

MY! HE LOOKS
MORE SAD
THAN SAVAGE!
... LIKE A
CAGED BEAST!

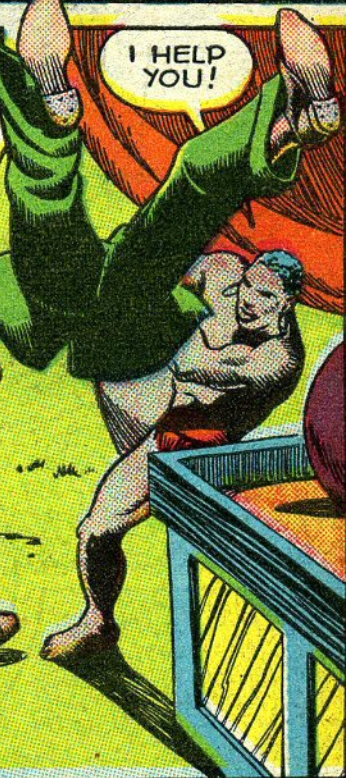
AFTER PAGI'S ACT IS OVER
WONDER BOY PONDERES
OVER WHAT HE SAW AND
HEARD.

THAT MAN DOESN'T
BELONG IN OUR
CIVILIZATION! I'M
GOING TO
SEE IF
HE IS
HAPPY
HERE!



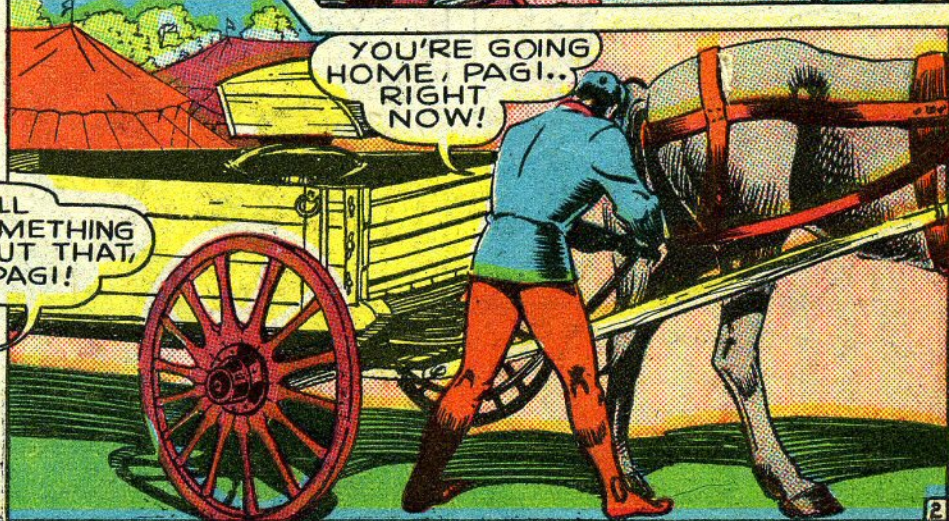


PAGI STARES IN AMAZE-
MENT..

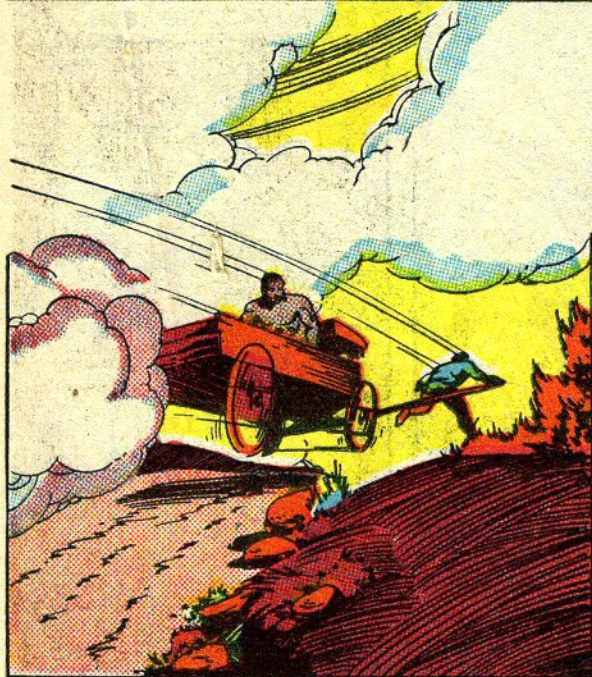


WHILE WONDER BOY BINDS THE TWO VILLAINS, PAGI EXPLAINS..

WONDER BOY UN-
HITCHES THE HORSE FROM A CIRCUS WAGON.



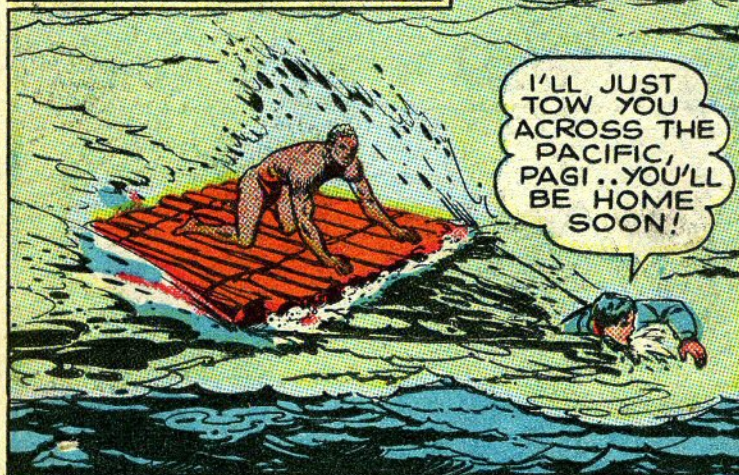
PAGI GETS INTO THE CART... WITH WONDER BOY BETWEEN THE SHAFTS THEY SKIM ACROSS THE COUNTRY.



AT THE PACIFIC COAST WONDER BOY STOPS TO UP-ROOT MANY SAPLINGS.



IN A FLASH HE BUILDS A STURDY RAFT AND...



BUT THEY RUN INTO A TERRIFIC STORM...



OH.. OH! SHARKS!



WONDER BOY GRABS THE LEADER AND AFTER A TERRIFIC STRUGGLE HE FORCES IT INTO SUBMISSION BY A WELL-AIMED HEAD BLOW.



THIS IS BETTER THAN A RAFT, PAGI!



WHEN THEY COME CLOSE TO SHORE THEY ABANDON THE SHARK AND WONDER BOY CARRIES THE EXHAUSTED NATIVE TO THE BEACH.



MEANWHILE THE CIRCUS MANAGER WIRES A MESSAGE TO HIS CONFEDERATES...

SOON A GUN-LADEN PLANE TAKES OFF FOR THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS...

A FEW DAYS LATER A WOUNDED NATIVE STAGGERS TO THE VILLAGE OF PAGI'S PEOPLE.

ENEMY COME.. BIG GUNS!

Order Guns delivered to enemies of Pagi's people. He will return if his tribe is threatened for Wonder Boy. signed

I'LL JUST RIP THE BOTTOMS OFF THESE WAR CANOES AN' WATCH 'EM SINK!

THEN IN THE FLOODED BOATS, WONDER BOY ATTACKS THE ENEMY.

YOU GUYS SURE CAN TAKE IT! BUT I GUESS YOU'LL LAY LOW FOR AWHILE NOW!

BUT INFURIATED NATIVES RUSH AT THEM.

WE'D BETTER NOT STAY HERE LONG! THEY DON'T SEEM PLEASED TO SEE US!

NO, SIR! LET'S GET GOING

AT THE SAME TIME, THE CIRCUS MEN ATTEMPT TO LAND.

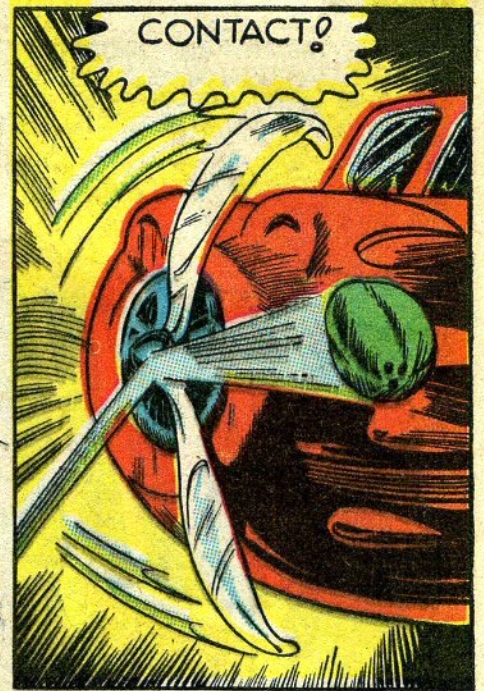
SO BACK UP INTO THE AIR THEY ZOOM AGAIN, THIS TIME TOWARD THE ISLAND WHERE WONDER BOY AND PAGI ARE.

SUDDENLY SPOTTING WONDER BOY, ND PAGI, THEY OPEN UP MACHINE GUN-FIRE ON THEM.

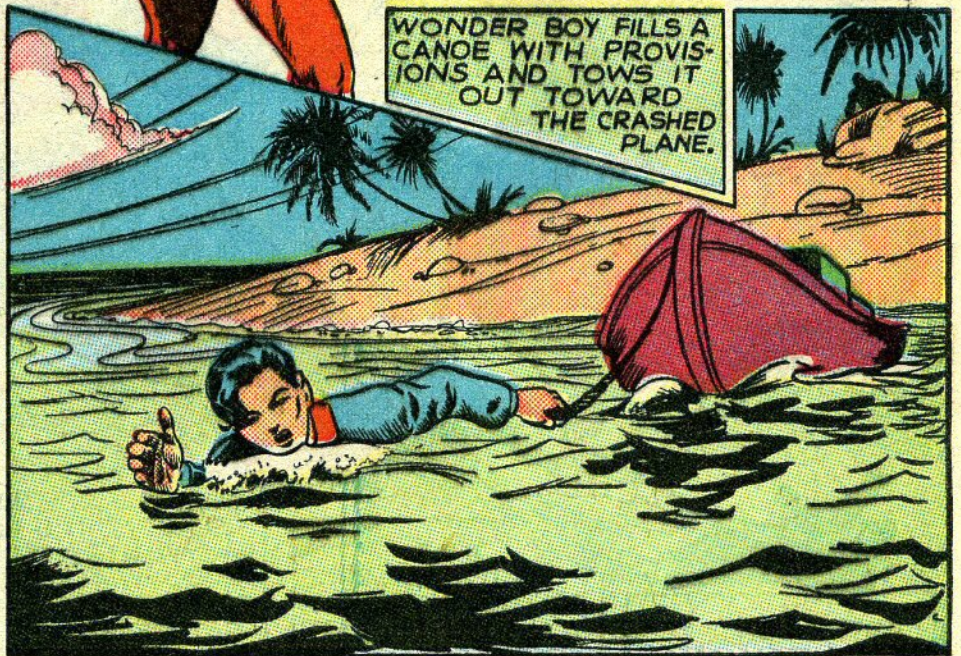
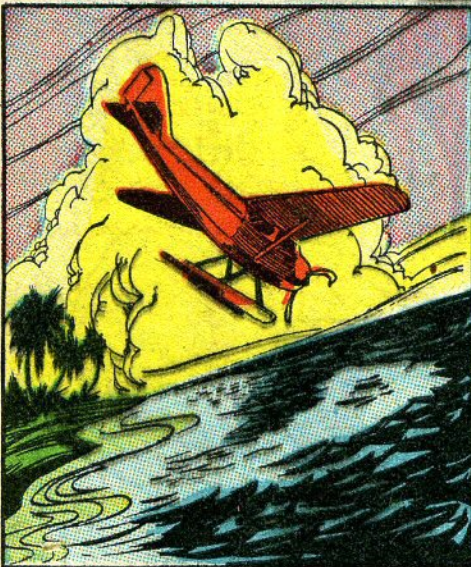
RAT-TAT-TAT



WONDER BOY PICKS UP A FALLEN COCONUT AND HURLS IT AT THE PLANE'S PROPELLER..



THE PLANE PLUMMETS TOWARD SHARK-INFESTED WATERS



BACK ON THE ISLAND ALL ENMITY IS FORGOTTEN AS THE NATIVES THANK WONDER BOY. . . .



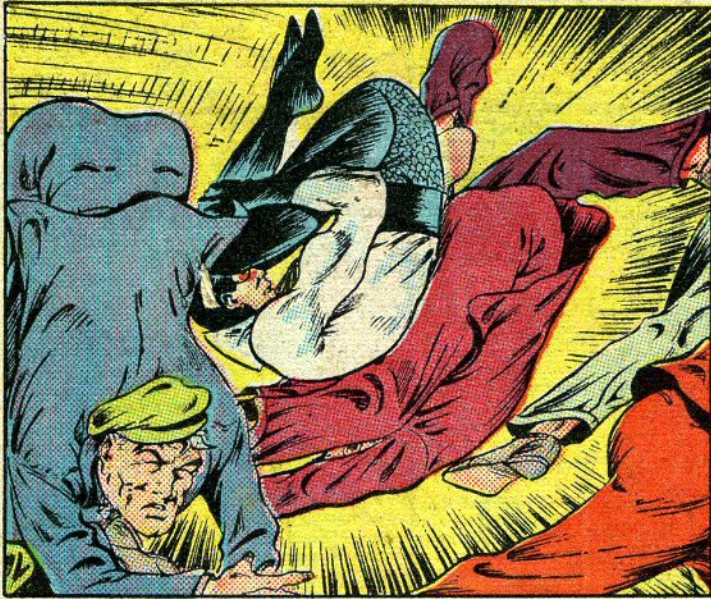
A ONE-MAN BLITZKRIEG WHOSE CONTEMPT FOR DANGER AWES ALL THOSE WHO FLAUNT THE LAW! AGAIN QUICKSILVER BLASTS AT THE VITALS OF INJUSTICE...

QUICKSILVER

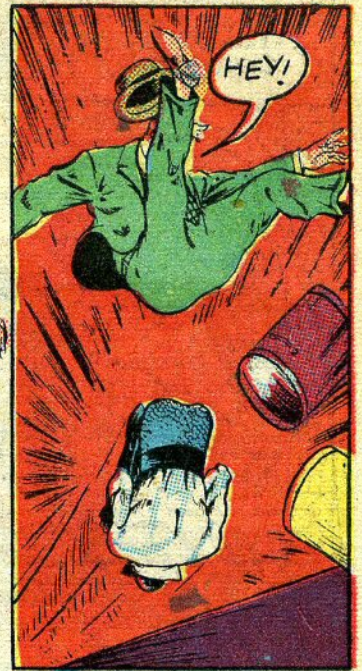
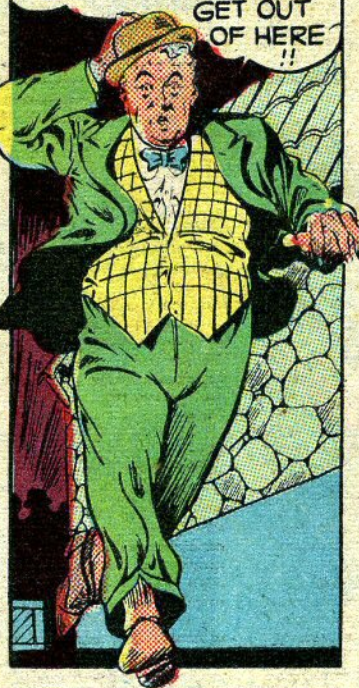
THE
LAUGHING
ROBIN HOOD
by Nick
Cady



OH...OH...NO WONDER OUR RADICAL SPEAKER IS SURPRISED!! LOOK WHO'S HERE... **QUICKSILVER!**



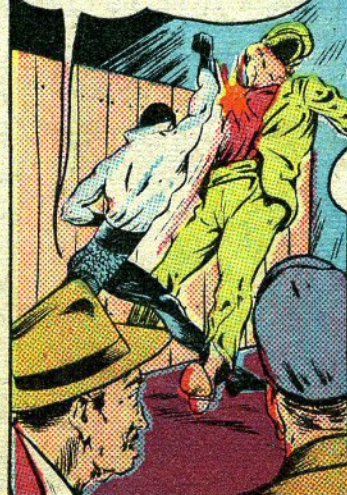
G. GOTTA GO! I GOTTA GO!... DON'T WANTA MEET HIM! GOTTA GET OUT OF HERE!!



A LITTLE ROAD WORK WILL DO YOU A LOT OF GOOD! NOW SCAT!!



MUGSIE'S PLAYIN' WIT' DYNAMITE. THIS GUY'S NAME IS....





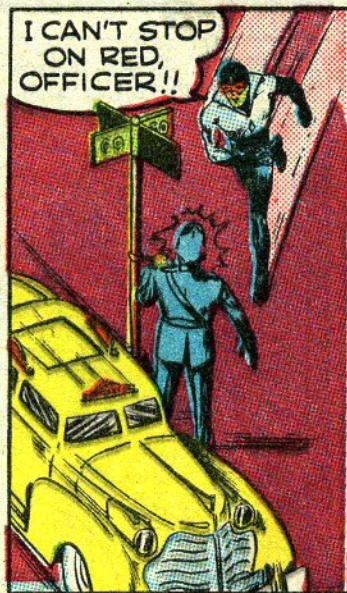
I'LL BRING YOU A CAKE OF SOAP IF YOU STAY THERE UNTIL I COME BACK!!



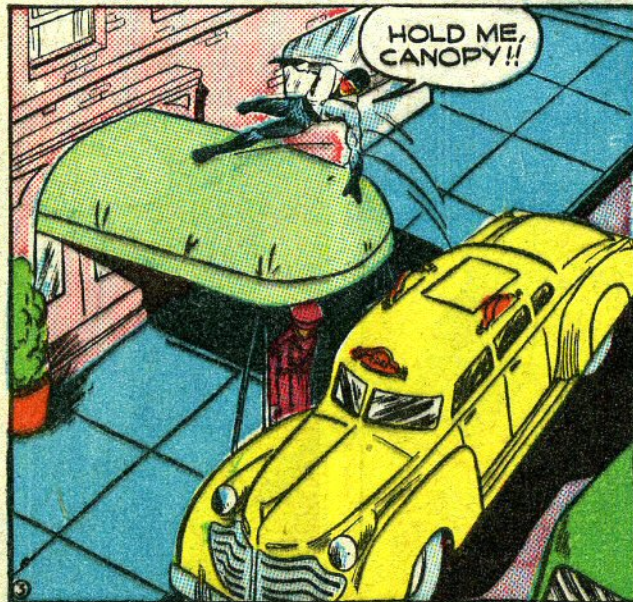
THERE NOW.. STEADY!!



NOW TO FIND MCGINTY AGAIN, HE MAY LEAD ME TO THIS BOSS OF HIS!!

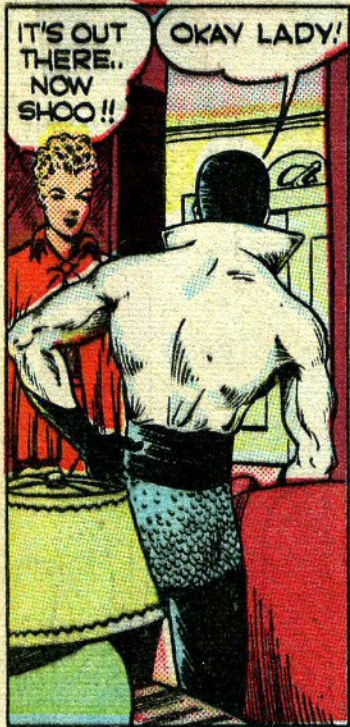


A SHORT TIME LATER, MCGINTY'S CAB PULLS UP TO THE SWANKY PLAZA APARTMENTS....



IN A FLASH, QUICKSILVER DIVES INTO THE NEAREST WINDOW.....





WHY DO YOU FOOL WITH TRASH LIKE MCGINTY, C.J.? WHY, THAT GUY WOULD MAKE A SPEECH ON ANYTHING FOR TWO BITS! GET SOME INFLUENTIAL MEN BEHIND YOU!!

HA! IT'S TRASH LIKE HIM AND THE THOUSANDS OF OTHERS I HIRED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY THAT PULL THE VOTES! THE EVERYDAY GUYS... 90% OF THE VOTES!

WHEN THE NEXT ELECTION COMES AROUND THEY'LL NAME ME FOR PRESIDENT... ON A NEW PARTY TICKET... AND... FOR AN INDEFINITE TERM! A DICTATOR.. VOTED IN BY THE PEOPLE THEMSELVES!!

NOT A BAD IDEA... BUT DON'T YOU THINK A HUNDRED MILLION AMERICANS MIGHT PUT UP A SQUAWK?



AS MCGINTY LEAVES



QUICK SILVER!



RIGHT!

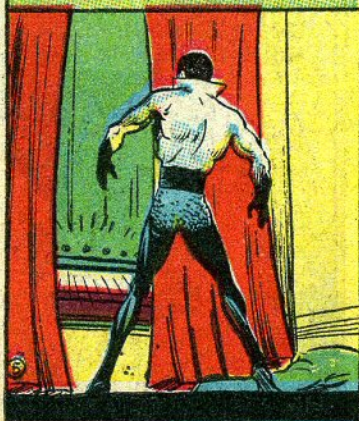
SO YOU PUNKS WANT TO TURN THIS COUNTRY INTO A DICTATORSHIP, EH! HA! WE'LL SEE ABOUT THAT!!



YES, WE'LL SEE!! YOU STUPID FOOL! I'LL PUT AN END TO YOU IN TEN SECONDS!!



AS MERTON PRESSES A BUTTON, STEEL SHUTTERS SLAM DOWN IN FRONT OF THE WINDOWS...



... AND INTO THE ROOM RUSH SEVERAL ARMED UNIFORMED MEN...



MY PRIVATE POLICE... TAKE CARE OF THIS... ER, BUTTERFLY, MEN!



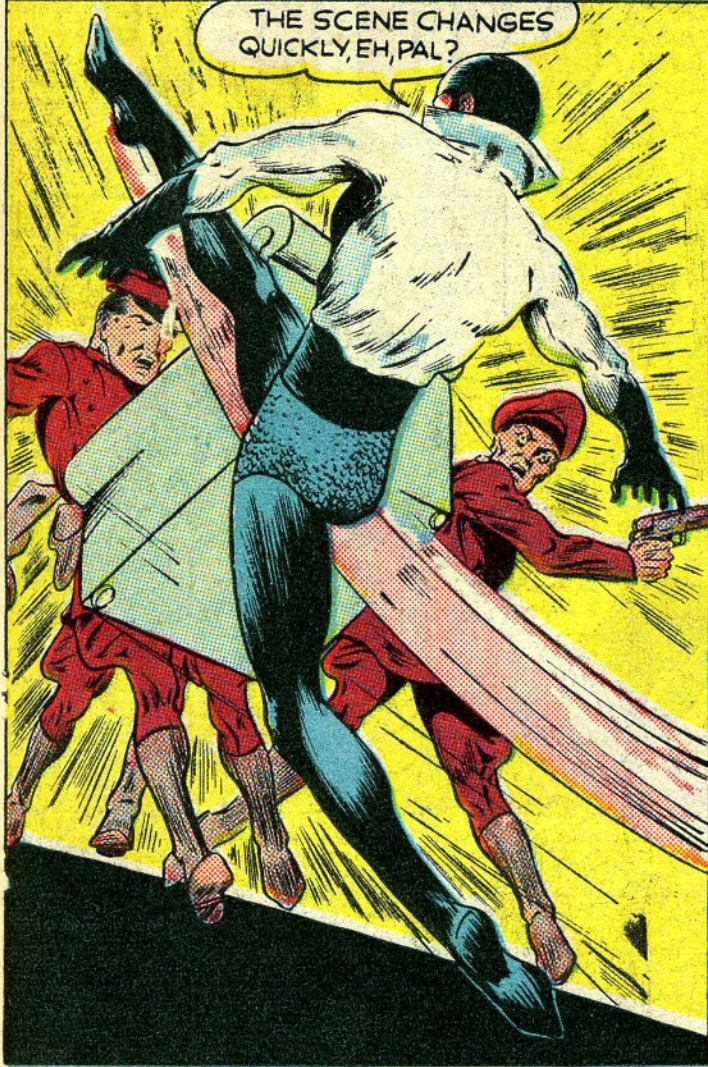
IS IT AS EASY AS THAT?!



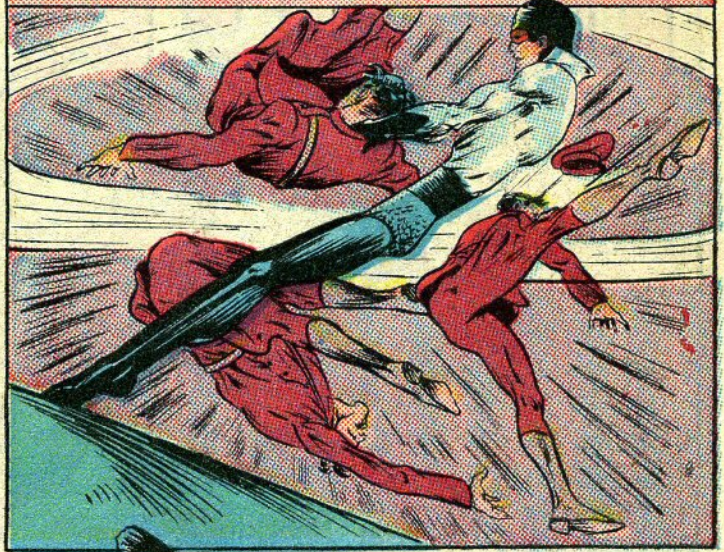
THIS IS YOUR FADEOUT, CHUMP!

LIKE A FLASH, QUICKSILVER SENDS A BIG CHAIR HURLING AT THE GUN HOLDER...

THE SCENE CHANGES QUICKLY, EH, PAL?



HARDLY A SPLIT SECOND LATER, MERTON'S APARTMENT IS TURNED INTO A RAGING BEDLAM...



AND THIS IS THE END FOR YOU, RATS!



GET YOUR PENCIL, MERTON! YOU AND I ARE GOING TO WRITE SOME SPEECHES FOR MCGINTY!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER...

DOWN WITH AMERICA'S TRAITORS... KEEP THE STARS AND STRIPES FLYING FOR FREEDOM!!



A WEEK LATER...

OUR FOREFATHERS BUILT THIS COUNTRY FOR US... IT'S OUR JOB TO KEEP IT FOR ONLY US!



TWO WEEKS LATER...

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, YOU HAVE JUST HEARD THAT GREAT PATRIOT THURSTON MCGINTY IN ANOTHER COAST TO COAST SPEECH ON OUR GREAT DEMOCRACY!!



AS MCGINTY WONDERS AT IT ALL....

I CAN'T FIGURE THAT GUY MERTON OUT. WRITIN' REVOLUTION SPEECHES FOR ME ONE WEEK AN' TALKS ON PATRIOTISM TH' NEXT... I WONDER WHAT TURNED HIS MIND FROM WANTING TO BE A DICTATOR?!



JACK and JILL

By Lowell Riggs

WHEN CROOKS COME TO GRIPS WITH THIS FIGHTING TEAM OF DETECTIVES, THEY HAVE GOOD REASON TO REGRET IT.



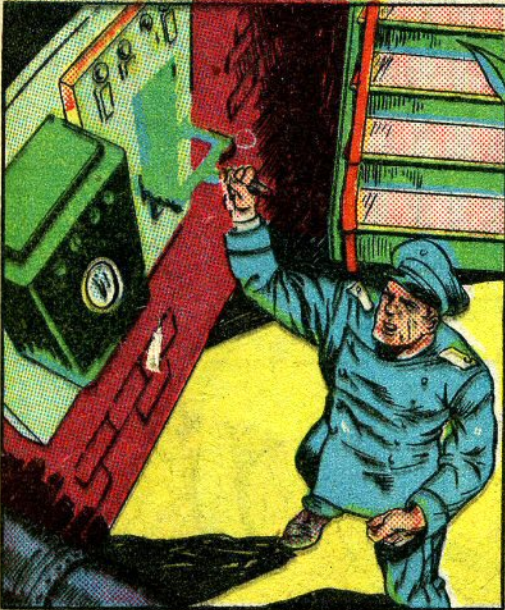
BUT JACK AND JILL HAVE DIFFERENT IDEAS.



THEY TAKE THE ELEVATOR, LEAVING THE INTERFERING ELEVATOR MAN BEHIND.



BUT THEIR ANGRY VICTIM PULLS A SWITCH, STOPPING THE CAR.



WE'RE TRAPPED!

THERE'S STILL ONE WAY OUT!



THROUGH THE TOP. LIKE THIS!



MEANWHILE THE GIRL STILL TOTTERS ON THE ROOFE EDGE.

THEY CLIMB THE CABLE TO THE ROOF.



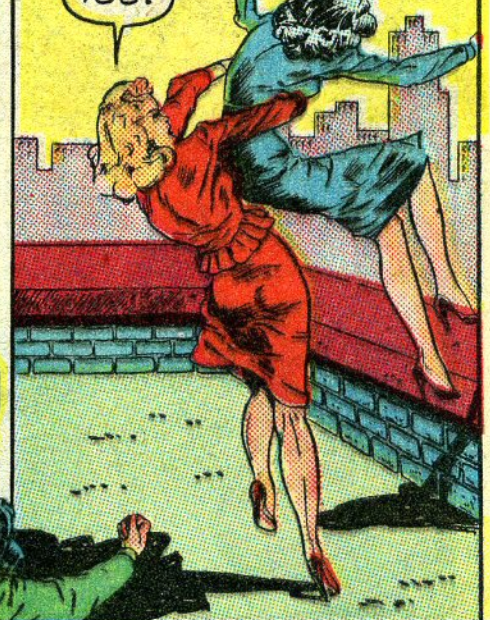
UH-OH! THERE'S A TOUGH GUY WAITING FOR US!

QUICKLY HE TACKLES THE STRANGER...

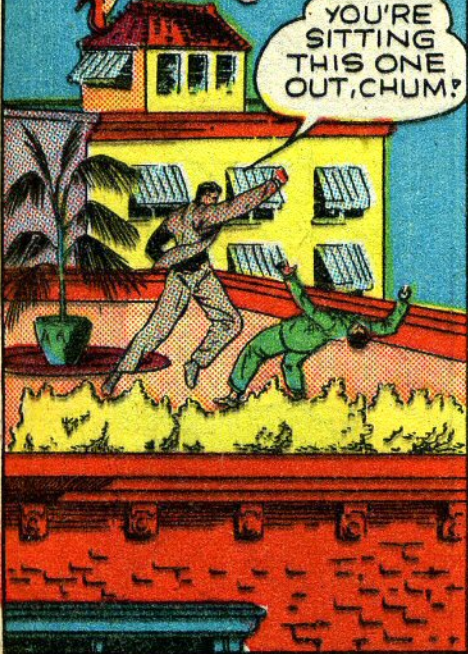


NICE FORM, JACK!

I'VE GOT YOU!



YOU'RE SITTING THIS ONE OUT, CHUM?



JILL QUESTIONS THE HYSTERICAL GIRL...

THERE, THERE. YOU'RE SAFE, NOW TELL ME WHY THAT MAN TRIED TO KILL YOU?



YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND, I WAS TRYING TO KILL MYSELF. A COUNTERFEIT GANG HAS BEEN FORCING ME TO WORK WITH THEM... I ENGRAVE THE PLATES.. THEY SHOOT THE MONEY FROM THIS ROOF IN A CANNON SHELL TO THEIR CONFEDERATES! IF YOU HELP TO FREE ME, I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE SECRET PLANT DOWN-STAIRS!



ONCE INSIDE, THE THREE BEGIN A SYSTEMATIC WRECKING JOB.

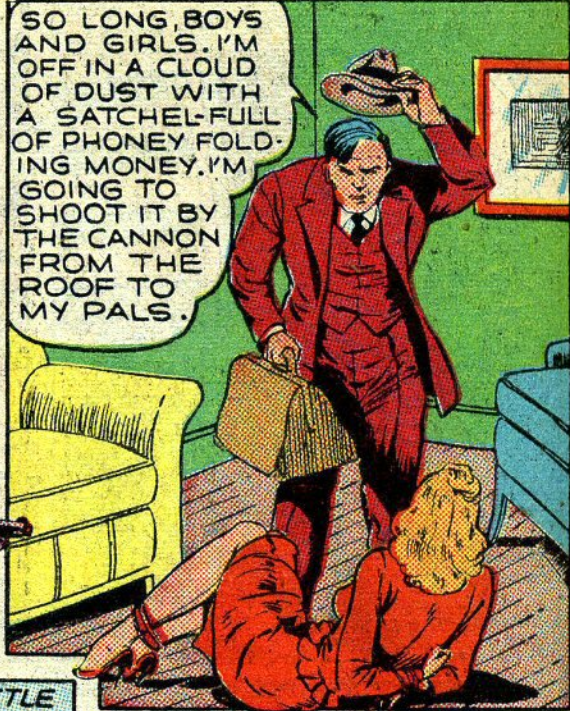


A FIGURE APPEARS IN THE DOORWAY.

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH? SORRY TO BREAK UP YOUR LITTLE PARTY!



SO LONG, BOYS AND GIRLS. I'M OFF IN A CLOUD OF DUST WITH A SATCHEL-FULL OF PHONEY FOLDING MONEY. I'M GOING TO SHOOT IT BY THE CANNON FROM THE ROOF TO MY PALS.



HE CERTAINLY DID A GOOD JOB WHEN HE TIED US UP!



JACK KICKS OVER A BOTTLE OF ACID USED BY THE COUNTERFEIT GANG.



HE LETS THE ACID EAT AWAY AT HIS BONDS.



JACK FREES JILL.

HOLD YOUR HORSES, HONEY! THIS IS NO BOW KNOT.



JILL HASTILY SCRIBBLES A NOTE TO THE POLICE.

SURE HOPE THIS IDEA WORKS! WE MAY HAVE MORE ON OUR HANDS THAN WE CAN HANDLE!



THEY RUSH TO THE ROOF. JILL WEIGHS THE NOTE WITH A PEBBLE AND THEN TOSSES IT INTO THE STREET.



THE BOSS AND HIS STOOGES ARE ABOUT TO SHOOT THE MONEY AWAY IN A HOLLOW HIGH CALIBRE SHELL BUT...



JACK AND JILL UPSET THE CROOKS AS WELL AS THEIR PLANS.

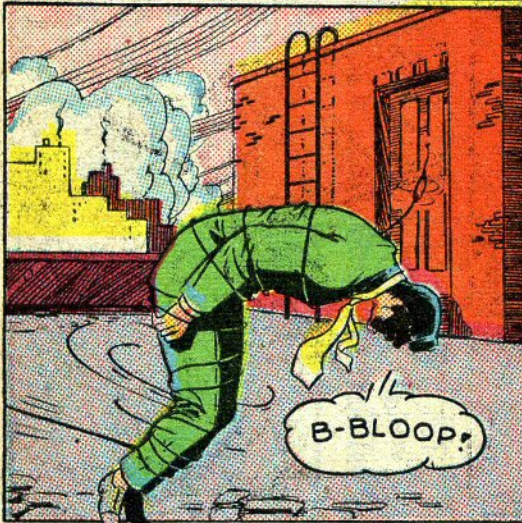


ONE OF THEM MAKES A BREAK FOR IT BUT JACK RIPS DOWN A RADIO AERIAL.



GET SET FOR A NEW SENSATION, LUG!

HE HURLS THE WIRE, WEIGHTED AT ONE END WITH AN INSULATOR, AND THE THUG IS NEATLY TRUSSSED UP FOR SAFE KEEPING.



B-BLOOP!

BELOW..THE POLICE FIND JILL'S NOTE.



THEY HURRY TO THE ROOF WHERE THEY FIND THE CROOKS AND THE SITUATION WELL IN HAND.



YOU CAN HAVE THESE GENTS NOW, OFFICER. WE'VE DONE OUR JOB!

OF ALL THE @!#!!

JILL TELLS THE COPS WHAT HAPPENED.



WELL I'LL BE!! WHATA DAME!

THEY MADE ME HELP THEM..I WANTED TO GET AWAY..BELIEVE ME?



I DO.

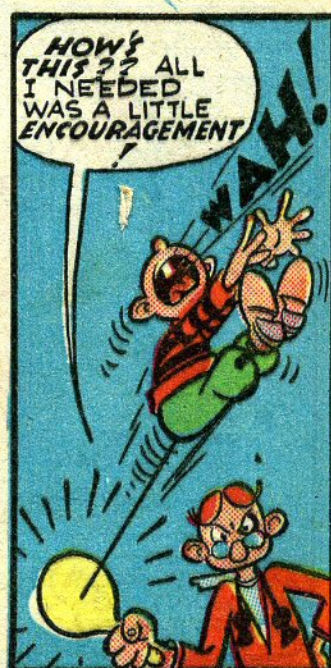
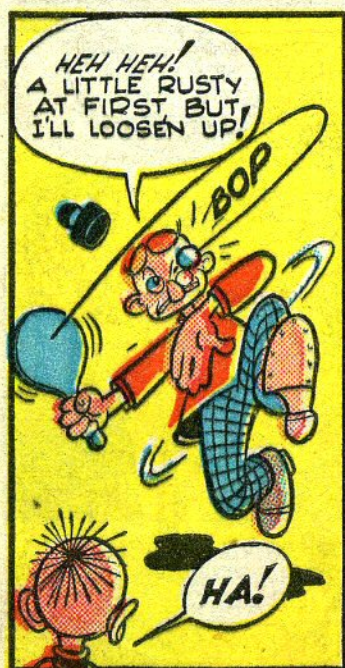
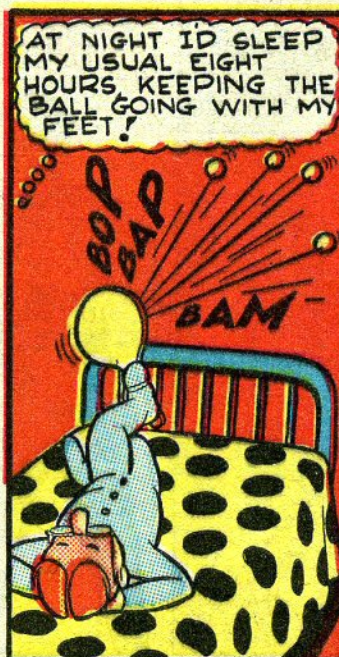
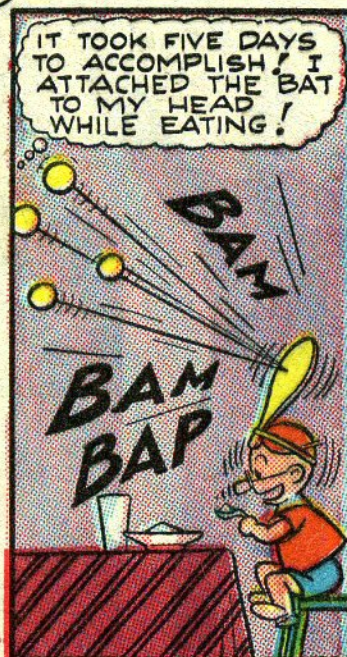
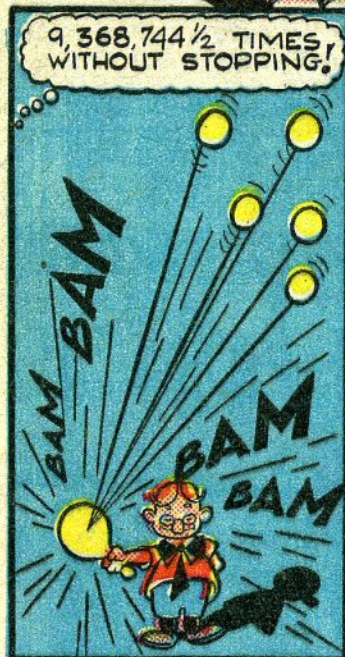
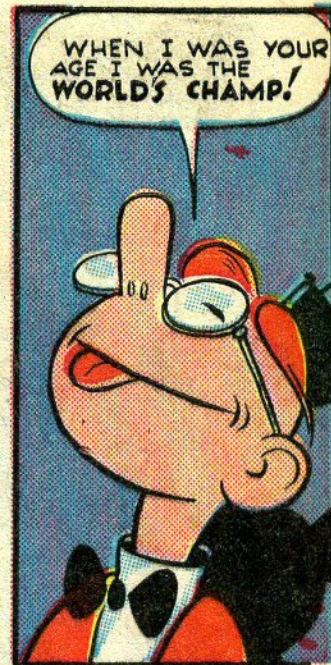
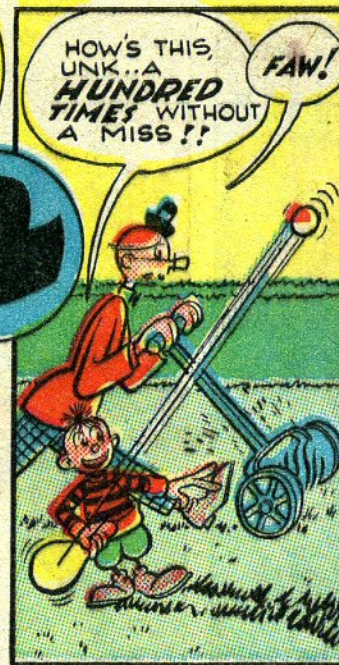
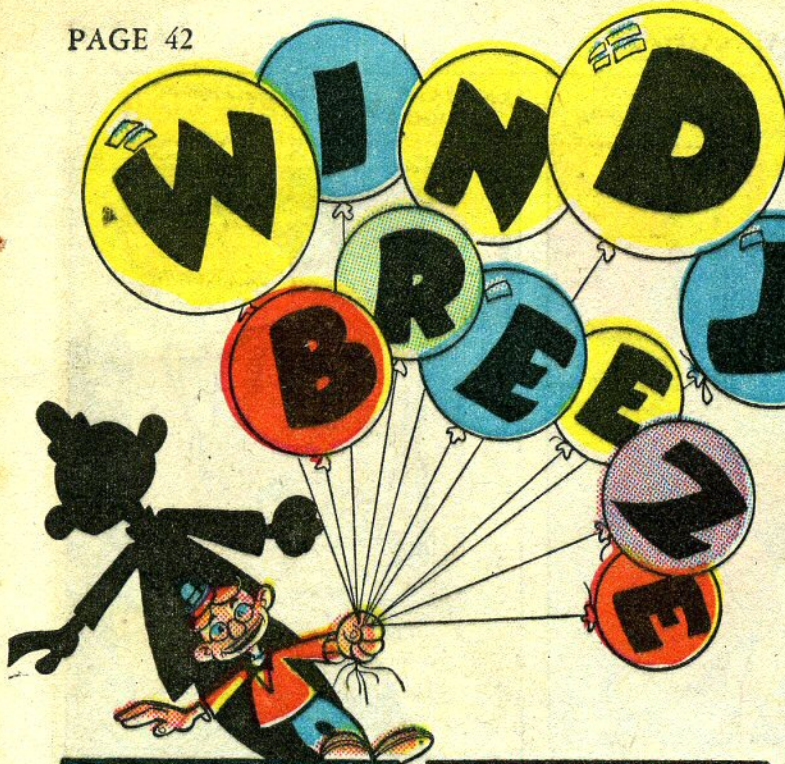
YOU'RE FREE FROM THE GANG. NOW YOU CAN START LIFE ALL OVER.

I'M SO GRATEFUL TO YOU!



ANOTHER THRILL-PACKED ADVENTURE APPEARS IN NEXT MONTH'S ISSUE OF

NATIONAL COMICS



PROP POWERS

by Lynn Byrd



MYSTERIOUS
RADIO SIGNALS SEND PROP
POWERS AND HIS HILLBILLY
PARTNER, LANK, ON AN
ERRAND OF JUSTICE FOR
THE U.S. COAST GUARD.

TRANSFERRED AGAIN, PROP
AND LANK ARE ON A
NIGHT PATROL.

LANDING
SILENTLY, THEY
HOP OUT ONTO A BREAK
WATER.

IT SHO' IS
CREEPY ALONG
THIS PART OF
THE MAINE
COAST!!

YEAH, LANK,
AN' WE'RE
GONNA CREEP
UP THOSE
STONE STEPS.

THAT RADIO
TRANSMITTER
MUST BE NEAR
THIS COVE. I'M
GOING DOWN.

CUT THE
MOTORS, PROP.
WE WANT TO
SURPRISE 'EM!

SOME
GUY'S UP
YONDER!
LOOK!

GET DOWN
LANK, WE'RE
MAKIN' SWELL
TARGETS OF
OURSELVES!

A HOT FUSILADE OF SHOTS FLY AT THEM AS THEY RUN UP THE CLIFF.



BUT PROP AND LANK DRAW THEIR AUTOMATICS AND RETURN THE FIRE.



THEY RUN NIMBLY UP TO THE TOP OF THE CLIFF.



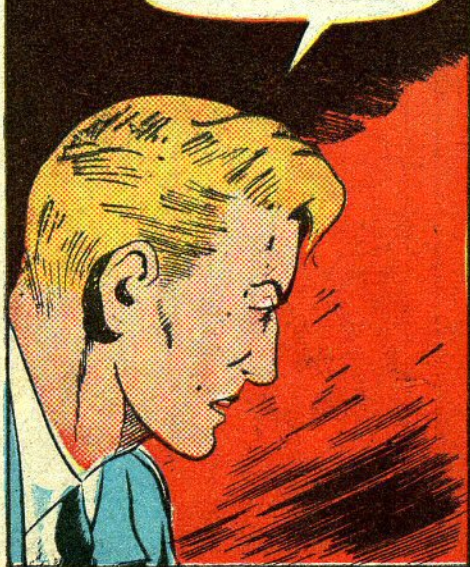
FEARLESSLY THEY LEAP ACROSS THE CLEARING.



BUT THE MOMENT THEY ARE INSIDE, THE DOOR SLAMS.



WAL, MISTAH POWAHS, IT 'PEARS LIKE WE ALL IS CAUGHT LIKE RABBITS IN A BOX TRAP.



A FEW YARDS AWAY, THEIR CAPTORS FORM A GRIM PLAN.



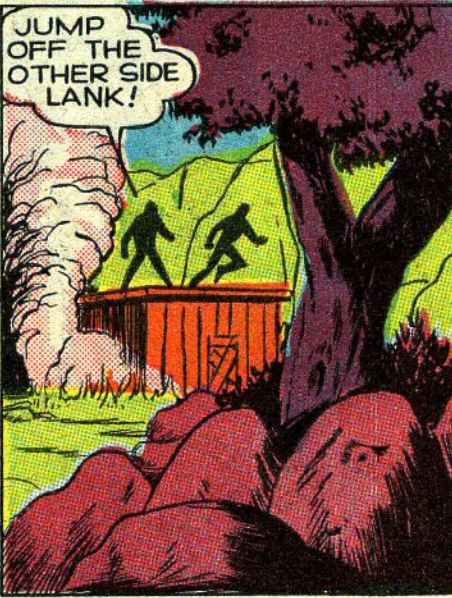
BUT PROP THINKS FAST.



LANK SMASHES HIS WAY THROUGH THE ROTTED BOARDS

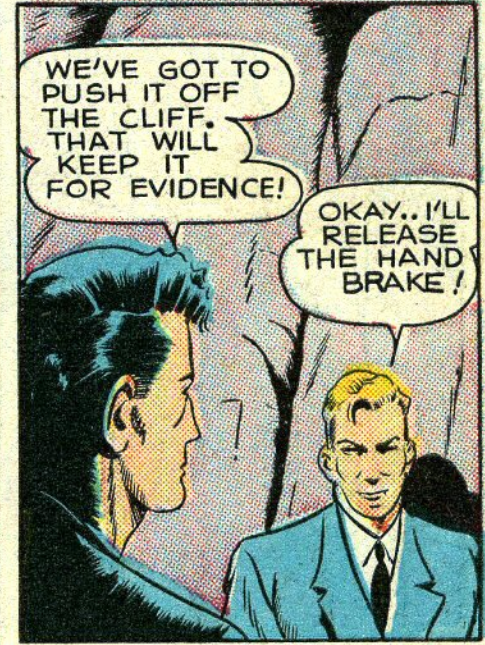
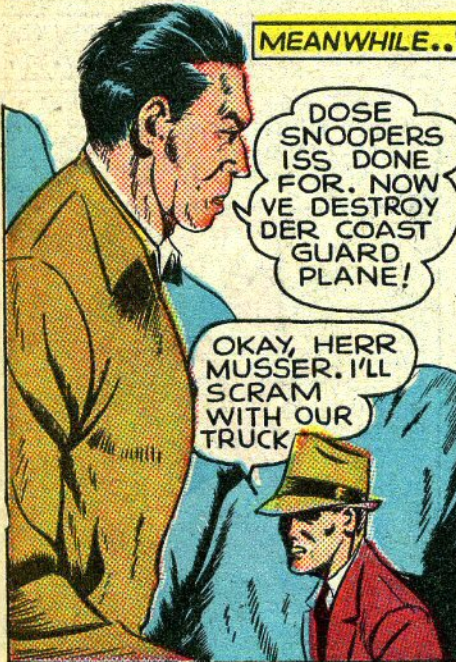


FAILING TO SEE THEIR ESCAPE, THEIR ENEMIES HAVE FIRED THE OIL-SOAKED WALL..

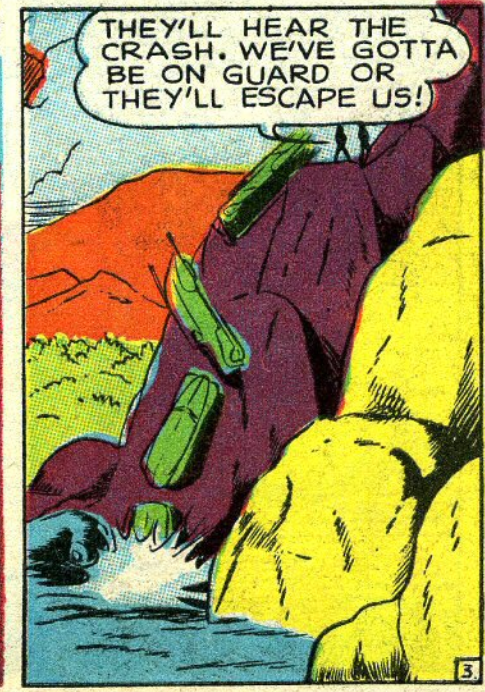
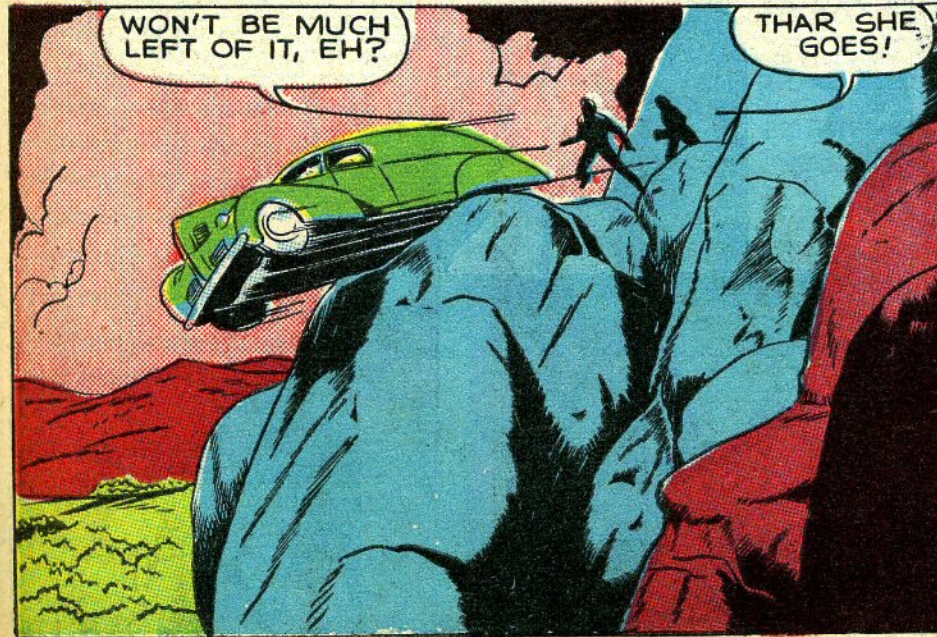


MEANWHILE..

BUT PROP AND LANK ARE ONE JUMP AHEAD OF HIM.



PROP AND LANK PUSH THE TRUCK DOWN THE INCLINE.



A SHORT WAY UP THE CLIFF, THE FIFTH COLUMNISTS STARE IN AMAZEMENT.



VERDAMMT! DER TRUCK WAS PUSHED OFF. COAST GUARDERS MUST COME BY LAND..QUICK, TO DER DORNIER!



YEAH..IT'S LUCKY WE GOT THAT PLANE FOR A GET-AWAY!

SPEEDILY, THEY REACH THEIR HIDDEN SEA PLANE.



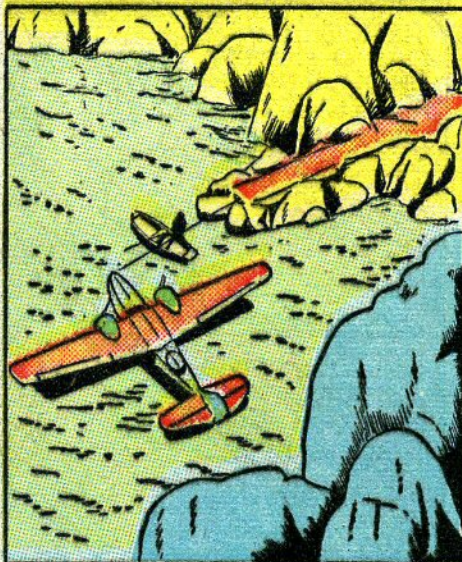
HEY! WE CAN'T TAKE OFF UNTIL WE'VE SMASHED THE COAST GUARD PLANE.



BUT VE HAFN'T DER TIME, WERNER.. I'LL CHUST PUSH IT ADRIFT.

OKAY.. MAKE IT SNAPPY!

HERR MUSSER CUTS PROP'S SHIP FROM ITS MOORING.



BUT HIS ACTION IS SEEN BY THE COAST GUARDSMEN.



THET FELLAH'S SETTIN' OUR SHIP ADRIFT, PROP. AN' LOOK AT TH' FOREIGN PLANE DOWN THERE.

HURRY UP! WE'VE GOT TO STOP HIM!

REACHING THE BREAKWATER, THEY PLUNGE INTO THE DARK, ICY SEA.



THE DORNIER IS TAKING OFF, BUT WE'LL BE AFTER THEM IN A JIFFY!

WITH THUNDERING MOTORS, THE ALIEN SHIP ZOOMS SKYWARD.



VELL, WE DIDN'T GET CAUGHT BY DEM FOOL YANKEES, EH?

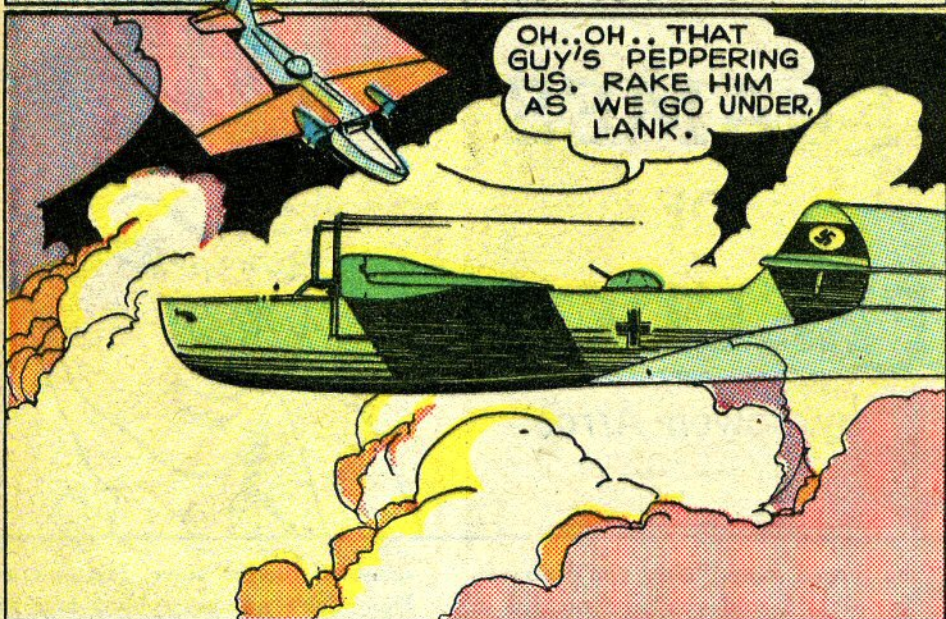
PROP AND LANK QUICKLY HAUL THEMSELVES ABOARD.



GET BACK IN THE TURRET, LANK. WE'LL CATCH UP WITH THEM BEFORE THEY REACH THE FOG BANK.

OKAY.. I'M READY AN' RARIN' TO USE THIS GUN.

SECONDS FLASH BY.. THEN PROP DIVES ON HIS PREY.
.. BUT THE FIFTH COLUMNIST GUNNER SCORES A HIT.



PROP PULLS OUT OF HIS DIVE AND ZOOMS UP...



LANK'S EXPERT AIM SENDS A ROUND THROUGH THE DORNIER



THEN PROP DIVES AGAIN AS THE ENEMY CLOSES IN.



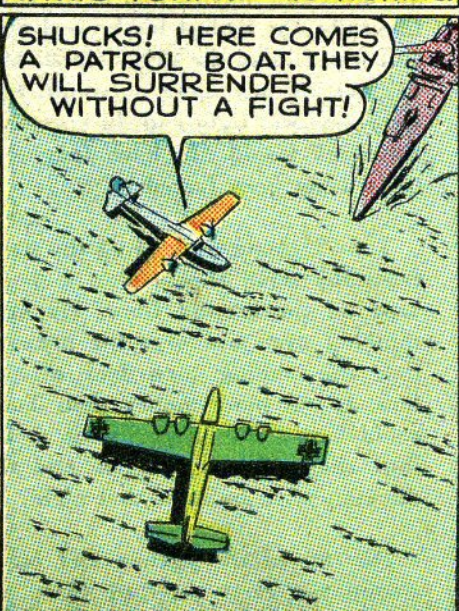
BELOW..A COAST GUARD PATROL CAPTAIN WATCHES THE DUEL.



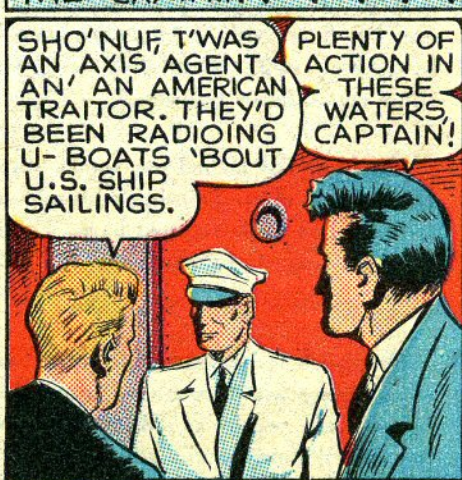
BUT THE HUGE FLYING BOAT GLIDES TOWARD THE SEA.



PROP COMES DOWN AND TAXIS TOWARD HIS VICTIMS.



WITH THEIR CAPTIVES SOON ABOARD THE VESSEL PROP AND LANK EXPLAIN TO THE CAPTAIN.



PROP POWERS GAMBLES HIS COURAGE AGAINST DEATH IN NEXT MONTH'S NATIONAL COMICS



FLAMES OF FREEDOM

by Bowen Arroe



Dominick pocketed the nickel and turned his face streaked with black shoe polish up at Judge Clayton, "Thank you, Judge," he smiled, "now I can buy another stamp."

Judge Clayton was deep in thought. He wondered just how the jury would decide the Buxton case. It was open and shut but then one never did know how a jury would act. They did some queer things sometimes.

Dominick repeated, "Thank you, Judge," and the voice aroused him from his thoughts, "Oh good, good shine, Dominick," he turned and went into the court house.

"Hey, kid," the surly voice in his ear made Dominick turn abruptly to face Mugsey. Mugsey was a big fellow but he was still in Dominick's class in school. A dark scowl spread over his features as Mugsey poked his face forward, his breath hot against Dominick's. "I told you yesterday to get out of here, this is my territory," Mugsey snarled. "Now, I'm going to show you I mean business."

His huge fist lashed out smack into Dominick's chin. Dominick stumbled over his box as he stepped back. Then Mugsey leaped forward on top of him.

Dominick lashed out with both fists at that sneering face above him. His blows were weak as Mugsey's fists hammered down again and again.

A passerby pulled them apart. Blood was streaming from Dominick's mouth and nose. Mugsey grinned as

he turned away, "Now you'll remember what I told you," he nodded in satisfaction, "the courthouse is mine."

Dominick stopped at the postoffice. Still lugging his shoe box he turned into the small house. Slowly he climbed the narrow stairs. His mother greeted him with a look of horror, "Dominick, what happened?" she demanded.

"Nothing Mom," he shook his head. "Look at my book now," he bravely yanked a small book from his pocket and passed it to her, "I made eighty-five cents today. I bought another defense stamp for twenty-five cents and here is the other sixty for you." He turned aside blinking rapidly to keep back the tears, "Please don't tell Pop. I'll clean up before he comes upstairs."

Mrs. Ughetta gathered her son in her arms and hurried him to the sink. Carefully, she bathed his bruised face and wiped away the dried blood. She did not ask any more questions. She knew boys will fight and she knew that Dominick would not have fought if he had not been forced to.

Tony Ughetta trudged up the stairs from the small shoe repair shop he kept on the ground floor. He kept thinking over and over the proposition the smiling man had offered him. It was more money than Tony could have made in five years at his little shop. He must decide and tell the man when he came that night.

He entered the kitchen and for a second his cares dropped from his shoulders as he saw the huge pot of

spaghetti on the stove. His eyes met Dominick's newly scrubbed face and his glance fell on the split lip and swollen eye of his son.

"Fighting?" he spoke sharply.

Mrs. Ughetta stepped forward. "It is nothing, Tony, boys have their little troubles, too. Come, sit down," she urged.

Tony was not satisfied. He reached forward and grabbed his son by the arm, "I want to hear why you fight?" he demanded.

Reluctantly Dominick told his story. He tried to evade the questions his father put to him but Dominick would not lie and soon his father had the story how Mugsey was forcing him to leave the courthouse and seek another stand for his after school shoe shining business. Tony's face grew blacker and blacker as he drew the story from his faltering son.

For a long time he sat brooding and then after being urged several times he pulled his chair to the table.



Mrs. Ughetta heaped his plate with spaghetti but he ate slowly. Suddenly his eyes lighted upon the book Dominick had showed his mother. He grabbed it, "What's this," he shouted.

"Dominick and me, we buy one defense stamp everyday he makes more than seventy-five cents," Mrs. Ughetta nodded. "We try to help our country, Tony. Look, we have six stamps already."

In a rage Tony grabbed the book and tore it into shreds. "A free country, a free country," he screamed. "Is it a free country when they do not let one little boy shine shoes where he always was?" he leaped from the table. "Stay in here," he ordered, "I have a friend who comes to see me. I want you to stay in this room with the door closed tight." He stormed from the kitchen into the tiny parlor slamming the door after him.

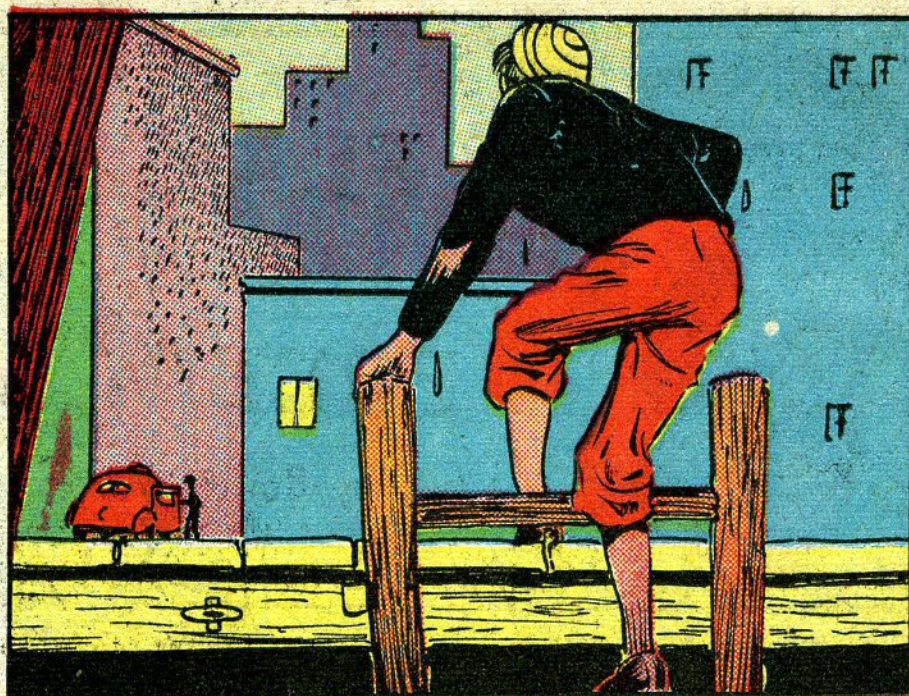
Dominick and his mother heard the visitor arrive. Dominick found a place near the closed door and listened to the voices which raised and lowered. His mother joined him at the door, her ear to the keyhole. Suddenly her face turned crimson as she whispered to her son, "Dominick, that man offered your father money, much money if he would light a fire down on the docks where they load the huge ships to send food to the starving people across the water. Your father took the money and has gone with the man."

Dominick leaped to the door. "I must stop him, mother, I must stop him from breaking the law," he screamed. "It's our country, its his country and we must not let him break the law."

"Stop him," Mrs. Ughetta screamed. "Oh, Dominick, we must stop him."

Dominick leaped from the room. His feet pattered down the stairs as he rushed from the house. Far down the street he saw his father and the stranger round the corner. Like a hare he ran after them.

He paused outside the huge fence around the shipyard and watched the stranger give his father a package. His father slipped over the high fence. Hurling himself forward, he



screamed, "Pop, Pop, please don't do it, Pop." But his father was gone.

The stranger grabbed his shoulder and yanked the boy around. "Who are you?" he demanded.

"My father, you sent my father in to break the law," Dominick struggled to free himself from the grasp of the stranger.

"Shut up," the stranger slapped his face. "I'll kill anyone who interferes with my plans."

Dominick squirmed from his coat and darted toward the fence. Calmly the stranger pulled a gun from his pocket and fired at the boy as he climbed the fence. A burning sensation stabbed Dominick's shoulder as he pulled himself up. Another shot stabbed his leg and Dominick fell over the fence.

He saw his father's form as it bent down over the small fire he had started. Slowly he pulled himself forward on his tortured body. He cried to his father but his voice was weak and his father turned and ran for the fence.

On and on crawled Dominick. The flames were licking the floor of the warehouse. Slowly he pulled himself forward nearer and nearer the flames. The flames were hot on his body as he crawled closer. He must put out the fire.

Fighting the pain in his body he pushed forward and rolled into the

seething flame. Over and over he rolled, back and forth, his slim body crushed the hungry flames. He choked and his flesh burned and blistered but he rolled over and over. The flames fought back. Sparks flew into his face and burned his eyes. His clothing smoldered.

They found him the next morning beside the charred boards of the warehouse floor and hurried the little body to the hospital. It was weeks before he opened his eyes and gazed up into the smiling faces of his father and mother.

Tony Ughetta knelt beside him, tears running down his cheek. "I was crazy, son. I told Judge Clayton everything I done. And I told the police to arrest the men who hired me. He said that a man with a son like you should be given another chance. See, he held a small book before Dominick's eyes, it's a book of defense stamps and there are twelve in it."

His mother kissed him and smiled. "There is another person outside who wants to see you," she whispered.

Mugsey came in holding his cap in his hand. He bent his head sheepishly. "Dominick," his voice faltered, "my Pop was the watchman in that warehouse. They had knocked him out and he would have burned to death if it hadn't been for you. I'm sorry about the fight we had, Dominick." He raised his voice, "The courthouse stand is yours and I'd like to see anyone take it away from you."



PAUL DOZES ON A HILLSIDE, BABE, HIS BLUE OX STANDING GUARD... SUDDENLY A TRUCK STOPS ON THE HIGHWAY BELOW.

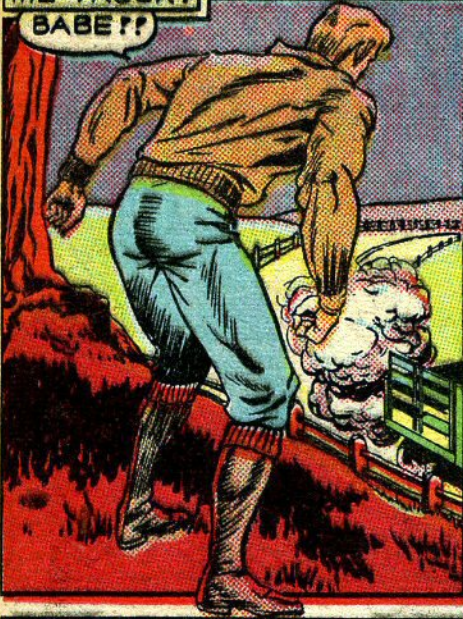
THE COLOSSUS OF THE NORTH, PAUL BUNYAN, STRIDES OUT OF HIS WILD TIMBERLANDS INTO A MESS OF "CIVILIZED" ENTANGLEMENTS.

BEFORE BABE CAN BELLOW A WARNING, A HEAVY NOOSE WINDS AROUND HIS HORNS.

SA-AAY!
THAT OX WILL
BRING A
FAT PRICE!
LASSO
HIM!

PAUL AWAKES WITH A START TO SEE HIS PAL HAULED INTO THE TRUCK.

BABE!!

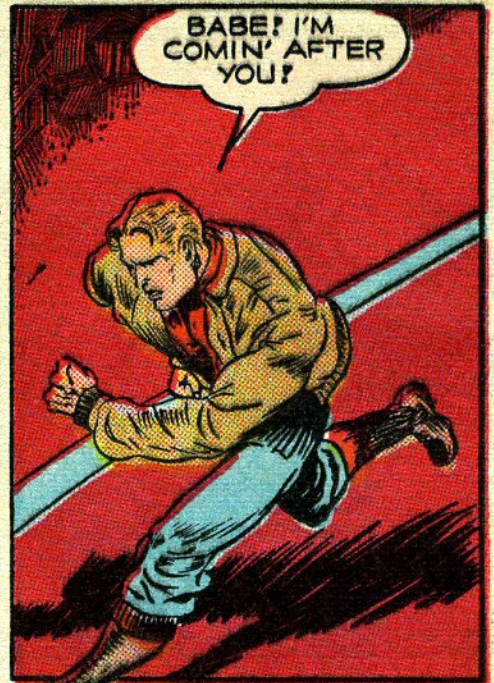


SADLY BABE POKES HIS HEAD OVER THE TAILBOARD..THE TRUCK GAINS MOMENTUM.



THE DIRTY LOW-DOWN THIEVES!

BABE! I'M COMIN' AFTER YOU!



BUT PAUL'S GIGANTIC PACES ARE NO MATCH FOR THE TRUCK'S SPEED.

HAVE TO THINK OF ANOTHER WAY.



HEY! I JUST REMEMBER READIN' ABOUT CATTLE RUSTLIN' AROUND HERE. THE RUSTLERS TAKE THE CATTLE TO THE STOCKYARDS..THERE'S A PLANE NOW..I'VE AN IDEA!



IN A SECOND, PAUL IS HALFWAY UP THE MOUNTAIN SIDE.

THAT PILOT DOESN'T KNOW IT YET BUT HE'S TAKING ON A PASSENGER FOR CHICAGO!



JUST AS THE GLITTERING TRANS-CONTINENTAL AIR-LINER SOARS OVER THE MOUNTAIN PEAK, PAUL POISES FOR THE LEAP.

NOW!



GOOD JUMP!



I'LL JUST HANG ON TO THIS TAIL WHEEL!



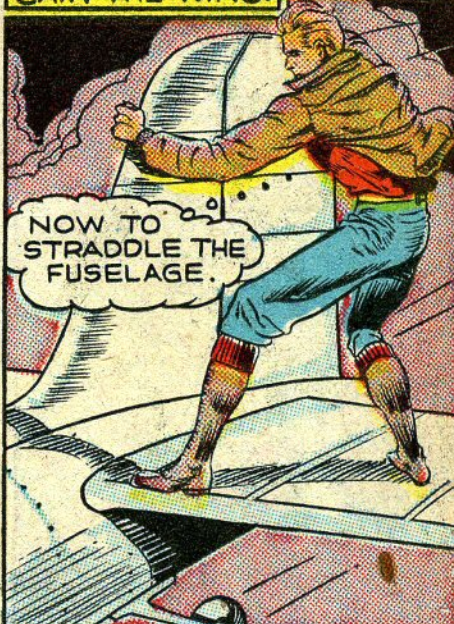
THE SHIP'S RUDDER DROPS SHARPLY.



INSIDE, THE PILOT YELLS ANXIOUSLY TO HIS NAVIGATOR.



MEANWHILE PAUL MANAGES TO GAIN THE WING.



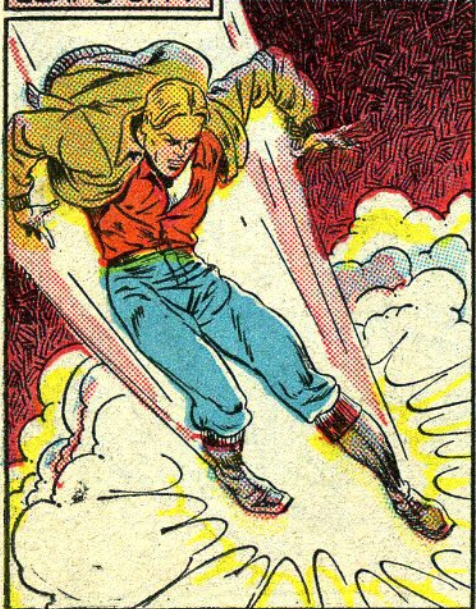
THE AIRLINER STRAIGHTENS OUT WITH A JERK AS PAUL LIES SPREAD-EAGLED ACROSS THE CABIN TOP.



SUDDENLY THE NAVIGATOR POKES HIS HEAD OUT.



SWIFTLY THE SHIP SKIMS OVER AIRPORT ROOFS.. PAUL LEAPS OFF.



SECONDS LATER THE PLANE LANDS SAFELY.



BOTH PILOTS HOP OUT.. TO SEE THEIR ERSTWHILE PASSENGER LOPING DOWN THE FIELD.



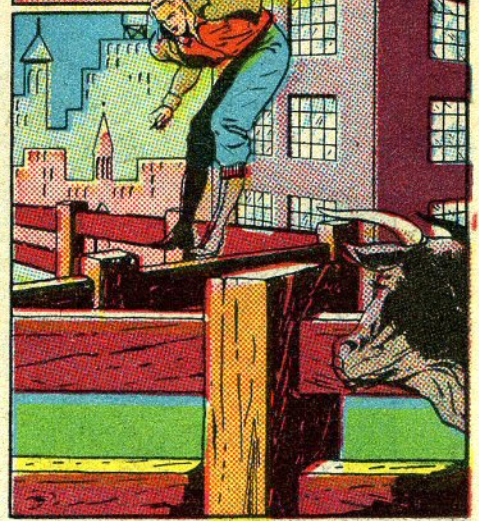
IN HIS HASTE TO REACH THE STOCKYARDS, PAUL LEAPS OVER ROOFTOPS.



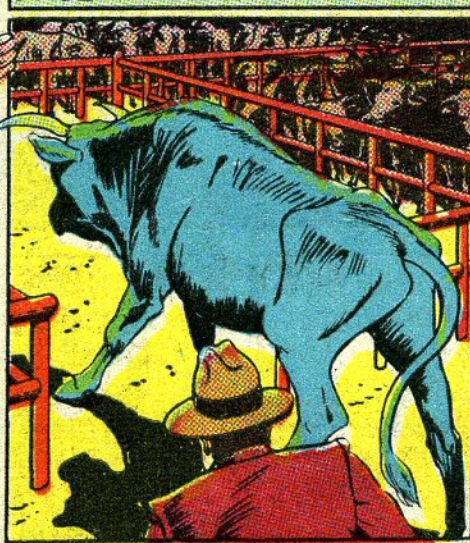
HE VAULTS LOW BUILDINGS, CLIMBS SKYSCRAPERS AND SCARES CHICAGOANS OUT OF THEIR WITS.



WITH A FINAL LEAP, HE LANDS WITHIN THE GREAT CORRAL ENCLOSURE WHERE THOUSANDS OF GROANING CATTLE AWAIT THEIR SLAUGHTER.



PAUL'S BLUE OX IS BEING PRODDED INTO THE SLAUGHTER PEN. THE BEAST TREMBLES WITH RAGE AT THE TREATMENT.



SUDDENLY HEARING HIS MASTER'S VOICE, BABE BECOMES Madder THAN ANY BULL. SNORTING, HE TRAMPLES HIS CAPTORS AND MAKES A BEE-LINE FOR PAUL.



THOUSANDS OF DOOMED COWS FOLLOW UNTIL BABE IS LEADING A THUNDERING STAMPEDE.



BUT THAT ISN'T NECESSARY. PAUL IS DISTRIBUTING JUSTICE ALREADY.



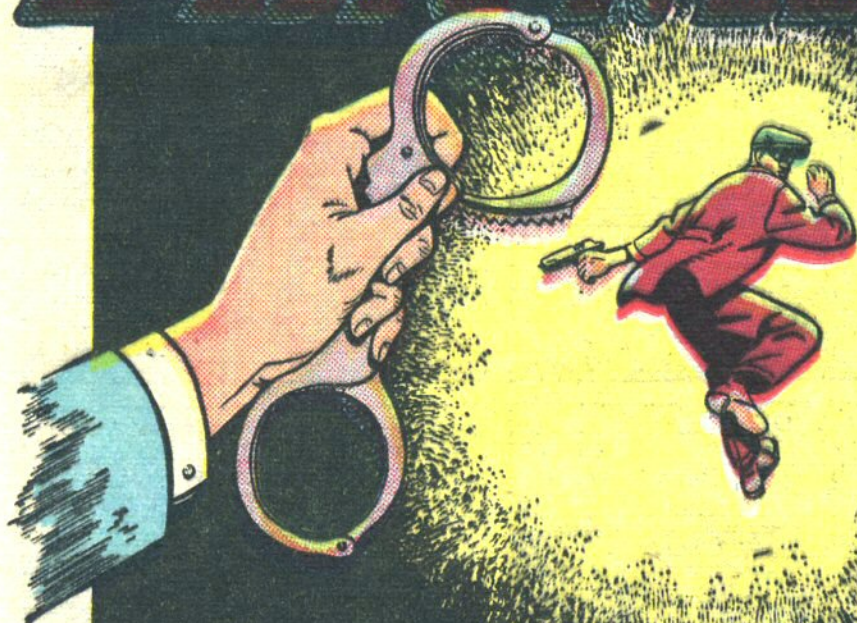
WHEN THE POLICE DO COME, PAUL HAS THE SCOUNDRELS READY FOR DELIVERY.



see the amazing Paul Bunyan meet a new adventure in the next **NATIONAL COMICS**.

PEN MILLER

By Klags

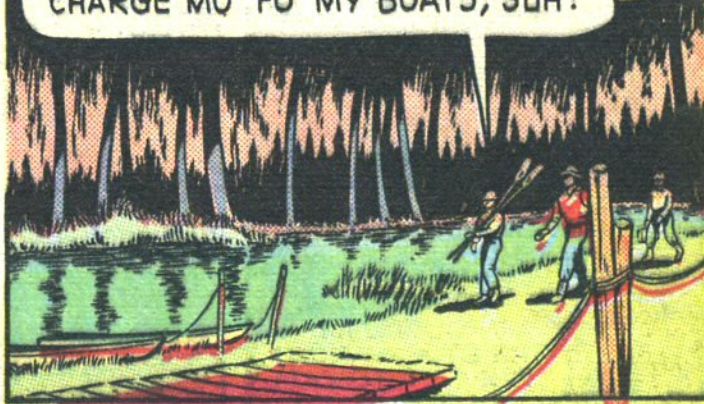


A FLUGITIVE FLEES FROM JUSTICE.. AT SWAMPSEGE, HIS SCENT IS PICKED UP BY THE FAMED COMIC-BOOK ARTIST, PEN MILLER, WHO ONCE AGAIN PLIES HIS SKILL AS A CRIMINAL INVESTIGATOR.....

MIGHTY QUEER, MISTUH, HOW MANY PARTIES HAS GONE INTO THE SWAMPS IN MY BOATS AN' NEVER RETURNED...



AN' THAT'S BEEN HAPPENIN' ON AN' OFF FO' TWO YEARS NOW.. SO AH'S GOTTA CHARGE MO' FO' MY BOATS, SUH.



YOU GO FISHEE IN THERE, MIST' MILLER? BRR...IS LOOK FLIGHTFUL!

I EXPECT TO CATCH BIGGER GAME THAN FISH, NIKI.



AND AS ROD AND REEL ENTHUSIASTS WE CAN SNOOP AROUND ALL WE PLEASE..



DEEP IN THE FORBIDDING SWAMPLAND...

LOOK.. EMPTY BEER CANS, OLD AND NEW... WE'RE RUNNING INTO SOMETHING BIG!



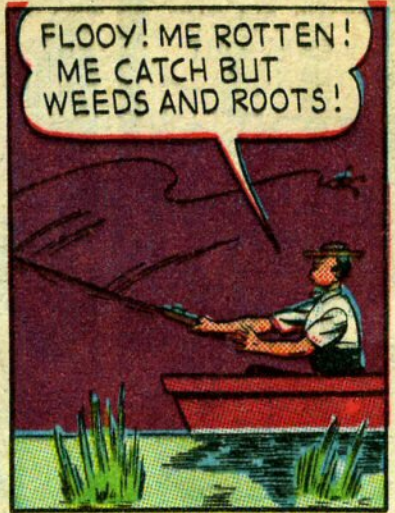
BUT WHAT MILLER DOES NOT SEE ARE TWO FIGURES LURKING IN THE BRUSH...



WOW! HOW CAN I GET DOWN TO BUSINESS? THAT'S THE TENTH CATCH...



FLOOY! ME ROTTEN! ME CATCH BUT WEEDS AND ROOTS!



OWWRR!



ATTABOY, NIKI, YOU CAUGHT A 200 POUNDER.. JAKE SPLITSKULL, THE LOANSHARK!



WELL, IF IT ISN'T JIMMY BAUBLE, THE FUGITIVE FENCE!



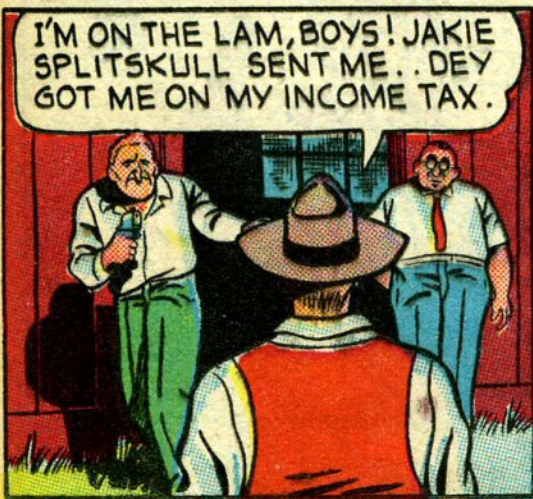
WE'RE HOT ON THE TRAIL, NIKI.. I'LL BET AN OLD TOOTHBRUSH THERE'S A CAMP NEARBY.



THERE IT IS! I'LL RUB ON A LITTLE DIRT AND GO IN ALONE... STAND BY, NIKI.



I'M ON THE LAM, BOYS! JAKIE SPLITSKULL SENT ME.. DEY GOT ME ON MY INCOME TAX.

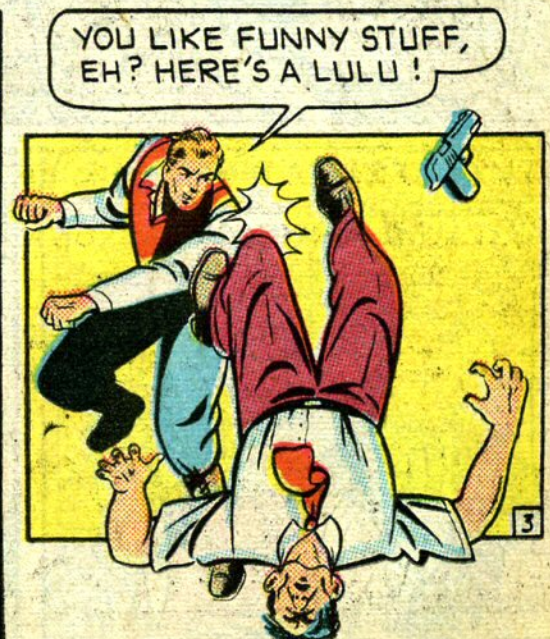
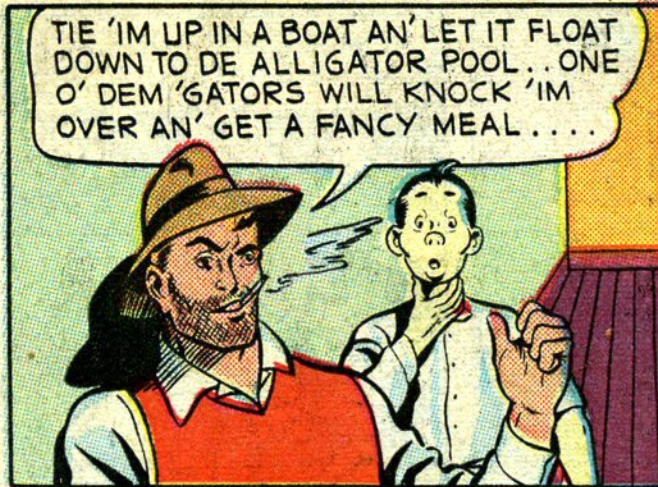
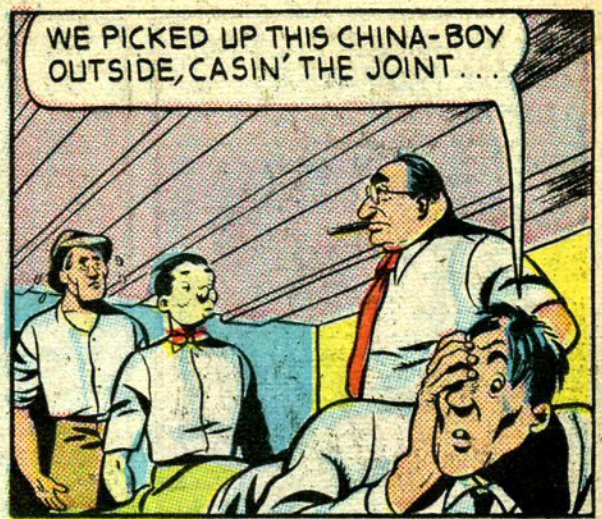
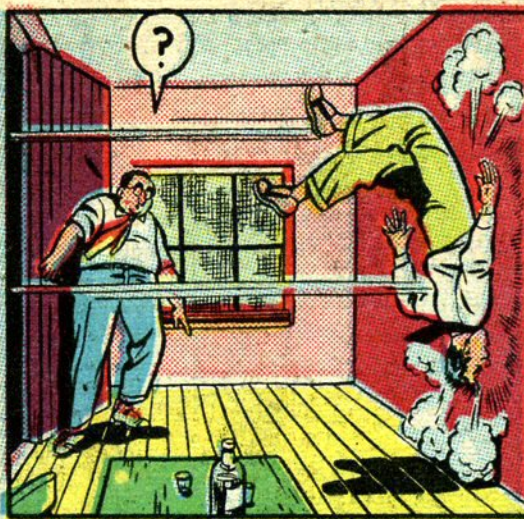


AL SPUMONE! AN' "TWIST" BURGER! GEE, LOOKS LIKE EVERY BIG SHOT IN THE BUSINESS IS HERE.. THE HEAT'S ON ALL YOU BOYS, AIN'T IT?



NEVER SEEN DAT MUGG BEFORE! ME NEIDER. GOTTA WATCH 'IM.







THE THUGS
FIRE AT THE
TWO MEN,
WHO FLEE IN
SEPARATE
BOATS TO
HASTEN THEIR
ESCAPE...

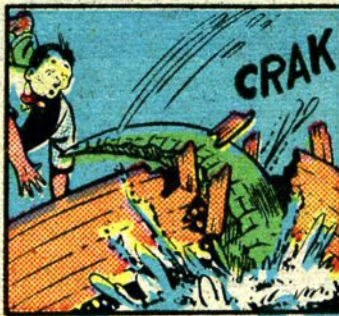


NIKI NUDGES A
'GATOR WITH HIS
POLE, AND...

PEN DIVES IN..

GOTTA WRESTLE
THIS BABY UP ONTO
SHORE!

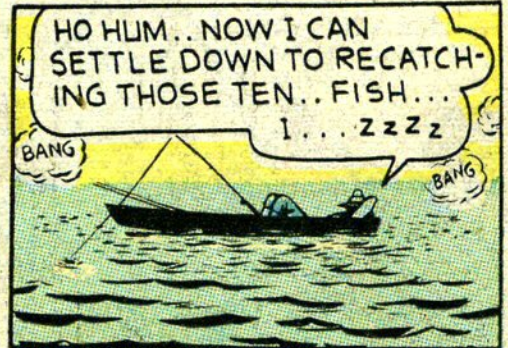
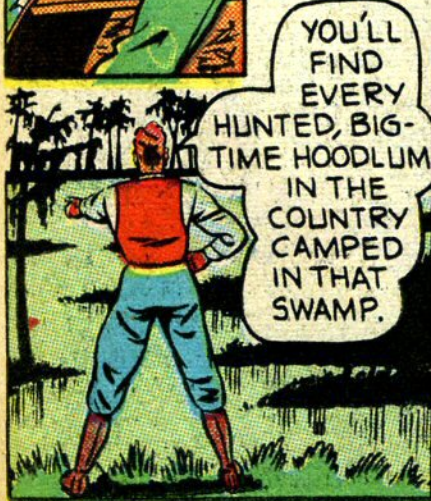
THESE LITTLE CUT-UPS
ARE PRACTICALLY HELP-
LESS ON LAND...



THEY RACE
DESPERATELY
TOWARD CIVI-
LIZATION.. AS
BULLETS WHINE
OVERHEAD..

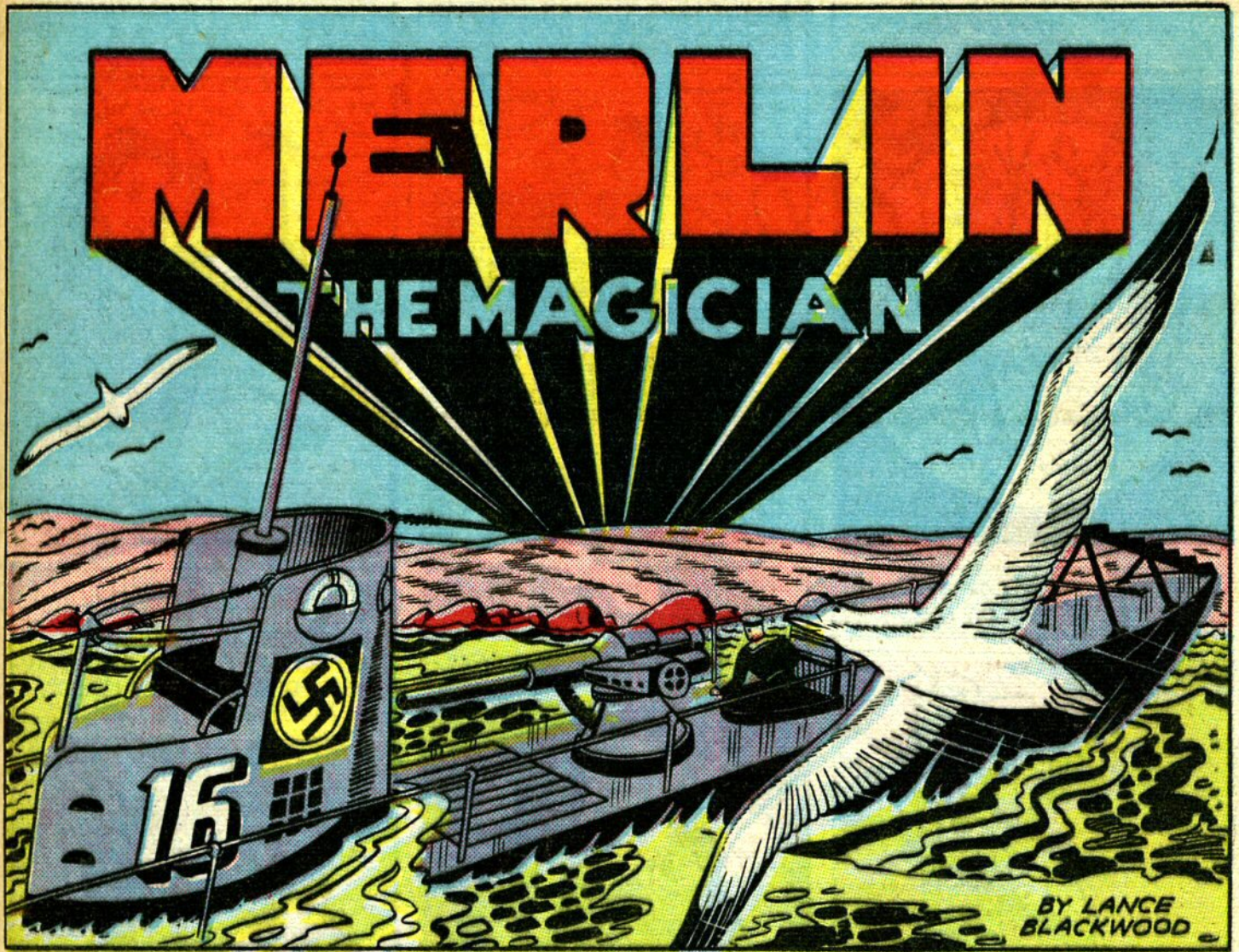


TO KEEP IN SHOOT-
ING RANGE.. SO
THE NOISE WILL
ATTRACT THE
TROOPERS STATION-
ED NEARBY.



DON'T WORRY, FOLKS, WE'LL
WAKE HIM UP IN TIME FOR
A NEW CASE IN NEXT MONTH'S
NATIONAL COMICS...





AS THOUGH FROM THE PAGES OF MEDIEVAL HISTORY, MERLIN THE MAGICIAN PITS HIS POWERS AGAINST THOSE WHO OPPOSE JUSTICE... AND FEW CAN COPE WITH THIS MASTER... BUT OFF THE BARREN COAST OF GREENLAND A SINISTER BLACK SUBMARINE QUIETLY EMERGES FROM BENEATH THE SEA!

ON SHORE TWO HUNTERS WATCH THE APPROACHING U-BOAT.



COME-WE RUN AWAY. THEY BAD MEDICINE -KILL US, TAKE FOOD!



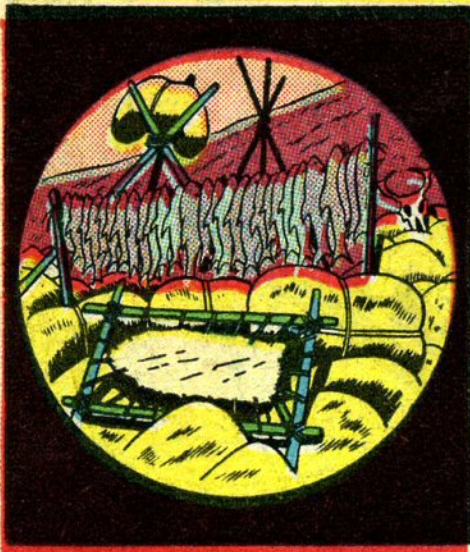
FROM THE CONNING TOWER THE COMMANDER LOOKS ASHORE WITH HIS GLASSES...



THE INVADER SEES THE HUNTERS' WINTER SUPPLY OF MEAT!

QUICKLY A RUBBER RAFT IS INFLATED AND TWO NAZI SEAMEN PADDLE TO SHORE.

MEANWHILE THE HUNTERS RUN BACK IN THE HILLS TOWARD A TOTEM POLE.



BEFORE THEIR CARVED IDOL THE MEN PRAY FOR HELP.

AS IF IN ANSWER TO THEIR PRAYERS, MERLIN THE MAGICIAN SUDDENLY APPEARS BEFORE THE STARTLED RED MEN!

DON'T PUT TOO MUCH FAITH IN THAT TOTEM POLE - I JUST HAPPENED TO BE NEARBY, SURVEYING GREENLAND'S AIR-BASE POSSIBILITIES! I'LL DO MY BEST TO AID YOU!



PEERING OVER THE HILL MERLIN AND THE MEN SEE THE NAZIS LOOTING THE FOOD STORES.

RALOP RAEB, ESAHC YAWA EHT SIZAN!



AT THE MAGICIAN'S COMMAND
A HUGE POLAR BEAR CHARGES
AT THE NAZIS!



IN TERROR THE
SAILORS DROP
THEIR PLUNDER...



WITH THE BEAR IN HOT PURSUIT
THEY RACE FOR THE RAFT!



ON THE SUBMARINE THE FURIOUS COMMANDER
ORDERS HIS MEN TO FIRE THE DECK GUN —



THE U-BOAT'S
CANNON SPOUTS
FLAME AND DEATH
TOWARD ITS HUMAN
TARGETS!



BUT MERLIN AND HIS
FRIENDS HIDE BEHIND
THE HILL AS THE SHELL
EXPLODES NEARBY!



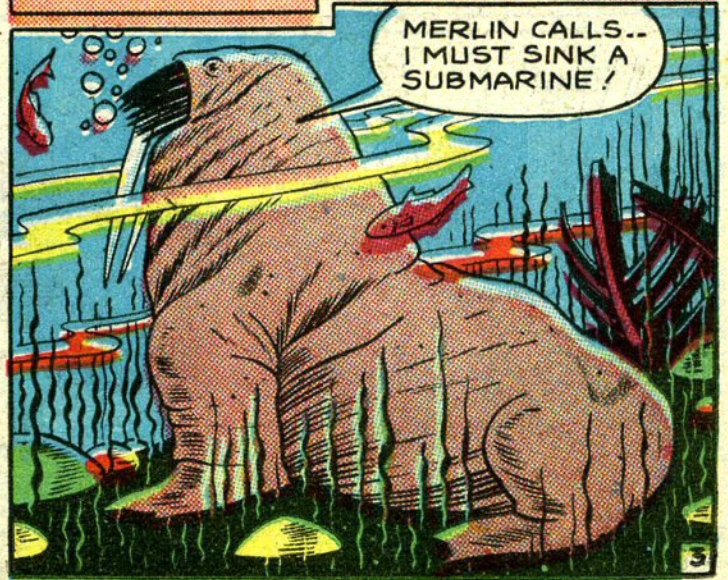
SO THEY WANT TROUBLE,
EH? I'LL GIVE THEM AN-
OTHER SURPRISE!



REHTAFDNARG
FO LLA
SESSURLAW
KNIS TAHT
ENIRAMBUS!



FROM THE DEPTHS OF THE SEA A SECOND
DENIZEN OF THE NORTH RESPONDS TO
MERLIN'S WILL.



NOW EVEN BIGGER THAN THE SUBMARINE IS THE GIGANTIC WALRUS, AS HE RISES FROM THE SEA!



WHY DID WE EVER COME TO THIS PLACE?

THAT THING WILL KILL US ALL!



UP, UP... THE BEAST SOON TOWERS ABOVE THE U-BOAT AND ITS TERRIFIED CREW!

AUF WEIDERSEHEN! I'M LEAVING!



THEN WITH A TERRIFIC CRASH THE WALRUS DRIVES HIS TUSKS DOWN THROUGH THE STEEL PLATES OF THE SUB!



GREEN WATER POURS INTO THE GAPING HOLES.

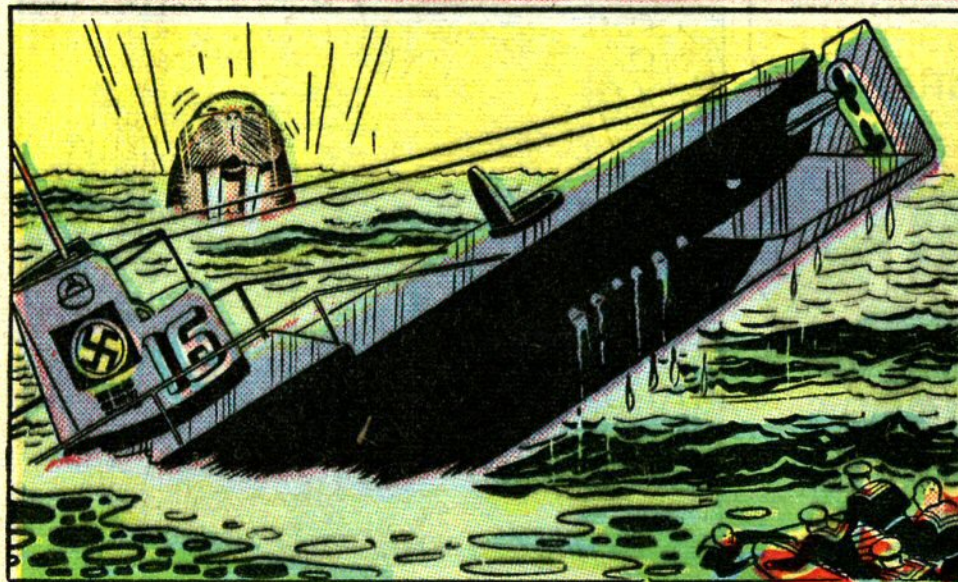


CLINGING TO THE RUBBER RAFT THE SAILORS PADDLE AWAY FROM THE SINKING SHIP.

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I SAW!



AS THE DOOMED U-BOAT SINKS, THE GREAT BEAST ALSO SUBMERGES, TO RESUME HIS SLEEP ON THE OCEAN FLOOR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER THE CREW REACHES LAND.

WE'LL BE RESCUED SOON, BUT NOW LET'S GET THAT FOOD!



BACK IN THE HILLS MERLIN AND THE TWO NATIVES HOLD A COUNCIL OF WAR.

THESE NAZIS CAN'T GET AWAY, RIGHT NOW BUT THEY'RE TOO MANY FOR US TO CAPTURE!



AH! I HAVE IT- YOUR TOTEM POLE WILL AID YOU AFTER ALL!



AGAIN MERLIN CALLS UPON HIS MAGICAL POWER AS HE ADDRESSES THE TOTEM POLE!

METOT ELOP, ERUTPAC EHT SREDAVNI!



AS THE ASTOUNDED MEN LOOK ON, THEIR TOTEM POLE AND ITS CARVED IMAGES COME TO LIFE!



MERLIN, GREATEST OF ALL MAGICIANS, I WILL OBEY YOU!



QUIETLY THE POLE ADVANCES ON THE UNSUSPECTING SAILORS WHO ARE COOKING A MEAL!



EEEEK-LOOK! THIS PLACE IS HAUNTED!



RUN-RUN!



PURSUED BY THE GALLOPING TOTEM POLE, THE SEAMEN COME TO THE EDGE OF A DEEP CHASM!

WE CAN'T GO ANY FURTHER!



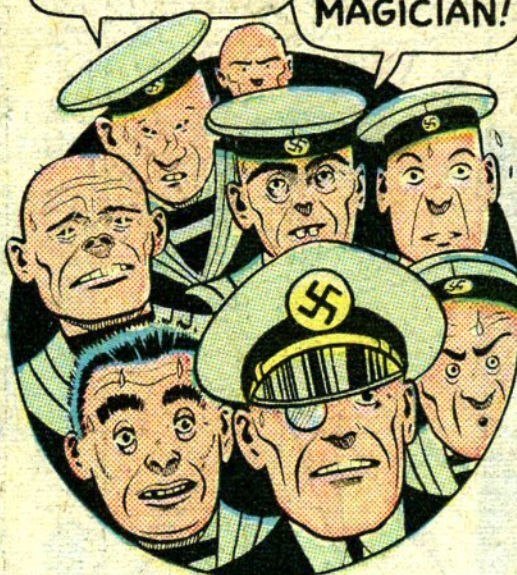
AT THIS MOMENT MERLIN APPEARS

IF YOU MEN WILL
BECOME PRISONERS
I WILL CALL OFF THE
MAGIC. OTHER-
WISE...



KAMERAD! WE
SURRENDER!

IT'S MERLIN
THE
MAGICIAN!



QUICKLY UNDER MERLIN'S
ORDERS THE PRISONERS
BUILD THREE BIG BONFIRES.



FROM THE BONFIRES
THREE COLUMNS OF
SMOKE RISE TO THE
SKIES...MAN'S OLDEST
SIGNAL FOR HELP!



FAR OUT AT SEA A UNITED STATES DESTROYER
SPEEDS ALONG ON ITS NORTH ATLANTIC PATROL.



IT FINALLY SEES
THE SIGNAL!



IT'S A CALL
FOR HELP ON
GREENLAND!

IN A SHORT TIME A LANDING PARTY GOES ASHORE.



WELL, LOOK AT THAT! A
COUPLE ESKIMOS HAVE
CAPTURED A U-BOAT CREW.
WE'LL HAVE TO INTERN
THESE NAZIS!

FROM A DISTANCE MERLIN GAZES
ON THE SCENE!



WELL - THIS
ENDS MY STAY ON GREENLAND
FOR A WHILE...I WONDER
WHERE I'LL JOURNEY NEXT
ON MY TRAVELS TO AID
MANKIND...

LISTEN FOR ORPHAN ANNIE'S RADIO ADVENTURES EARLY NEXT FALL!

Orphan Annie says—"BOYS and GIRLS!—
**TAKE YOUR CHOICE OF THESE
SWELL GIFTS FREE** WITH SPARKIES
GUARANTEE SEALS"!

... BUT HURRY!
THIS OFFER IS GOOD FOR
A LIMITED TIME ONLY!

IT'S THE OFFICIAL
"WRIGHT PURSUIT"!

GIRLS!
Get this
**NURSE
OUTFIT!**

**CAP
FREE**
With
5 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 10c

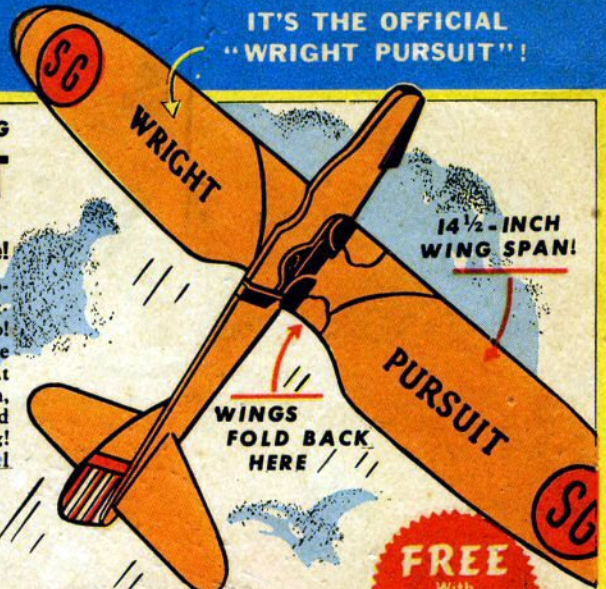


**APRON
FREE**
With
5 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 10c

Here's your chance to get in on things when the fellows are playing "defense"—they'll ask you to play, when you get for your very own, this beautiful snow-white cloth Cap and Bib Apron that look like a real nurse's! The good-looking apron ties in back—the official shape Cap pins around your head. And right on the front of both, you'll see the brilliant red official Secret Guard Insignia! Don't miss out on this—send in now!

**AMAZING FOLDING-WING
CATAPULT
PLANE** Like a Navy
Fighter Plane!

New-principle plane with automatic folding wings to give it extra height and speed going up! Works on catapult principle, like a battleship's fighter planes. At top of flight, wings snap open, plane banks, stunts, glides and comes to a perfect spot landing! Built of bubble-light special Balsa wood with "tilt" device for folding wings. It's a wonder!



FORM A SQUADRON

Let your friends in on this—because it's not for sale in stores! These special Catapult Planes are just for Annie's friends! Form a Squadron, play defense games, have fun with "endurance flight" contests!

FREE
With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



**"SILENT
WHISTLE"**

Like Used for Training Movie Dogs!

Mysterious, startling high-frequency whistle can be heard by dogs and cats, but not by human beings! Train your dog to respond to it—amaze your friends and family! Solid bronze whistle also adjusts to blow piercing G-Man Whistle and to play easy tunes!

FREE
With
7 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

FREE
With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c



**GIANT
NINE-INCH
PERISCOPE**

Three times as much fun as ordinary periscopes because it works three ways! Lets you see around corners without being seen—lets you see in back of you without turning around—lets you see the whole world upside down, crazy as anything. Don't miss this fun!

**HI-SPEEDERS!
YOU NEED
AVIATOR
GOGGLES**

Every quick, active fellow and girl wants these swell official-shaped goggles to protect keen sight when bike riding, racing, etc! Unbreakable lenses, rimmed with soft plush for snug, comfortable fit. Adjusts to fit your head!

FREE
With
6 Guarantee
Seals or 2 Seals
and 15c

**EAT DELICIOUS SPARKIES* AND GET MARVELOUS FREE
GIFTS AND HEALTHFUL "Vitamin Rain*" BESIDES!**

ORPHAN ANNIE, BOX L, DEPT. 55, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

I've told my Mother how "Vitamin Rain" adds vitamins B₁, D and G to swell-tasting Sparkies, so when I eat Sparkies with fruit and a glass of milk I get almost half my minimum daily need of vitamins A, B₁, C, D and G to help me be a leader. Now my Mother lets me enjoy Sparkies every day, so I'm sending in the valuable Guarantee Seals for the gifts I have marked. I enclose.....Guarantee Seals (or.....Seals and.....c).

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> CATAPULT PLANE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE CAP
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c) | <input type="checkbox"/> NURSE APRON
5 Seals (or 2 Seals and 10c) |
| <input type="checkbox"/> AVIATOR GOGGLES
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> "SILENT" DOG WHISTLE
7 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) | <input type="checkbox"/> GIANT PERISCOPE
6 Seals (or 2 Seals and 15c) |

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

(This Offer Expires October 31, 1941)

* Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



Boy! The Bike Keds I am wearing
were built for fast starts



Bike Keds

Missed me by a mile!
Good footwork is a
cinch with Stride Keds



Stride Keds

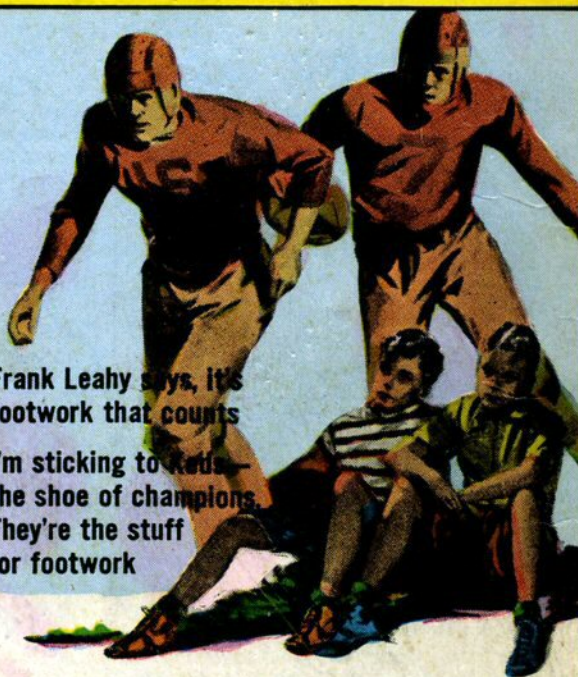


Keds Blue
Supreme Oxford

These Blue Supreme
Oxford Keds
make the tough ones
easy to get

BOB: Frank Leahy says, it's
footwork that counts

NED: I'm sticking to Keds—
the shoe of champions.
They're the stuff
for footwork



*Footwork
makes the Athlete*
Frank Leahy

For Better Footwork



FREE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Keds
the Shoe of Champions

© Frank Leahy's book on football is written especially for
future champions. To get your free copy send your name
and address to Keds, Department C, United States Rubber
Company, 1230 Sixth Ave., Rockefeller Center, New York.

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